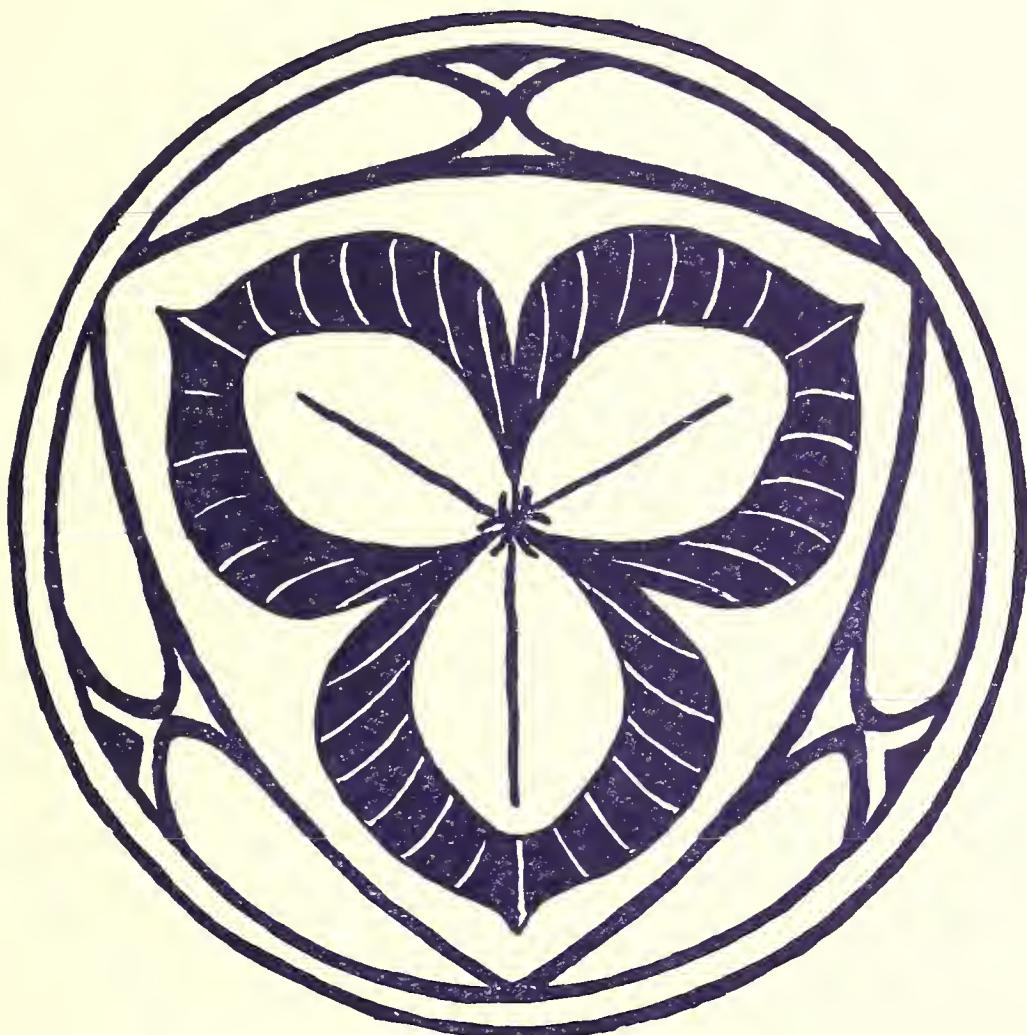
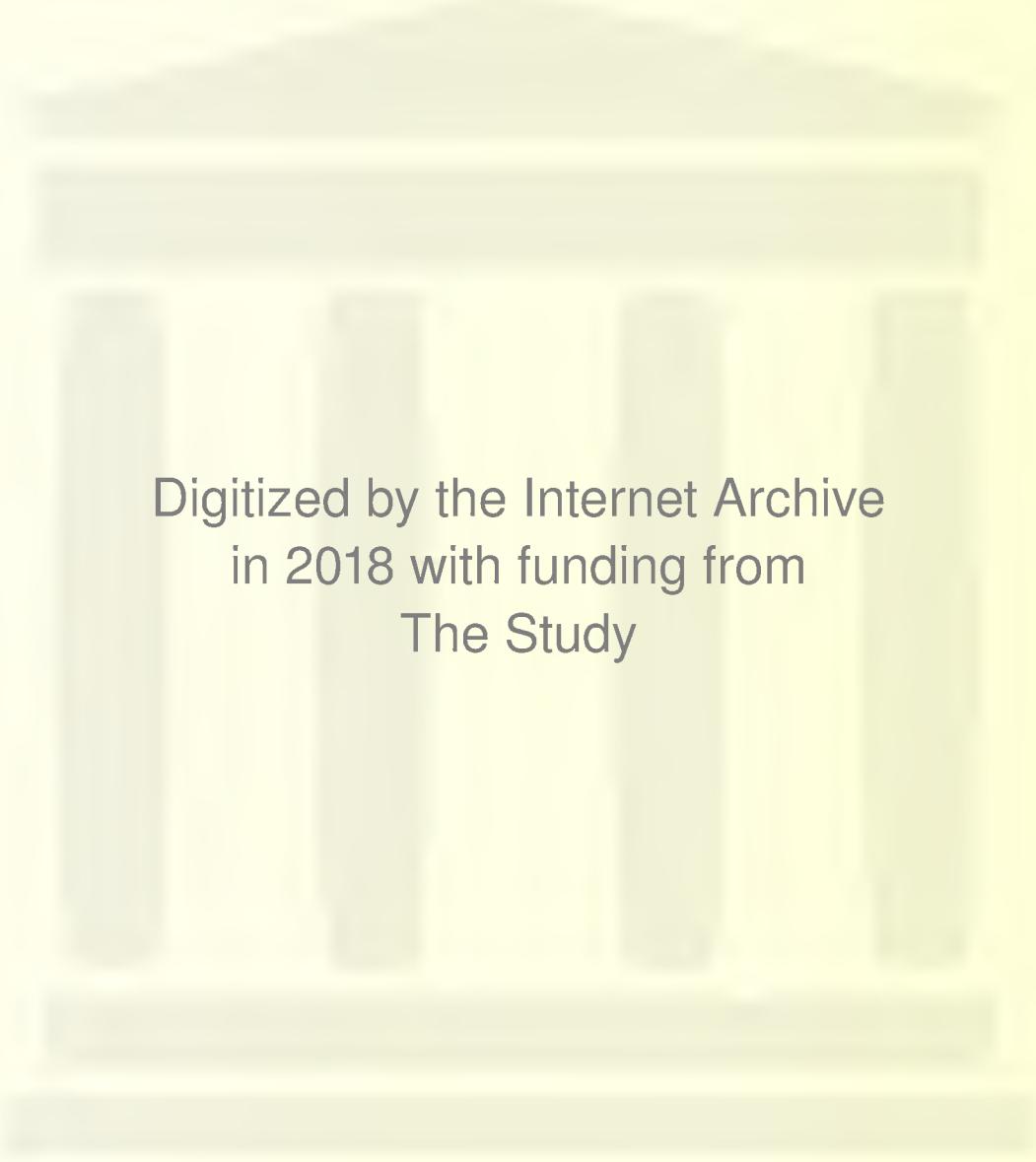


THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1957



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
The Study

<https://archive.org/details/studychronicle1957stud>

The Study

SEAFORTH AVENUE - MONTREAL

FOUNDED 1917. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



Headmistress

Miss KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.

Governors

H. J. R. NEWMAN, Esq., *Chairman*

M. G. BALLANTYNE, Esq.

MRS. I. M. B. DOBELL

MRS. JOANNA FARRELL

MRS. C. H. GORDON

MRS. DONALD McEACHERN

P. M. McENTYRE, Esq.

B. I. McGREEVY, Esq.

J. F. STAIRS, Esq.

MISS JANET INGHAM - - - - - *Secretary-Treasurer*

MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FIFTY-SEVEN

The Youngest Members of The Study



The Study 1915 - 1957

(The first of these letters was written for the Chronicle of 1925)

My dear children:—

The Editor has asked me to write you a letter in which she would like me to give an account of all that has happened at school since the last number of the magazine was published seven years ago.

But I should like to go back to the very beginning and give a little history of the first ten years of the school. For next September we shall be able to say that The Study is ten years old.

One morning in September 1915 six children came to school for the first time together in a room at 144 Drummond Street, which is just opposite the Y.M.C.A. building. The names of the children were—Nancy Reid, Jane Howard, Margaret Hyde, Ellen Stansfield, Margaret Peck, Dick Eve. We had a very cheerful room for our schoolroom: there were two large windows, with blue homespun curtains, the carpet was blue and all the-coverings were also light blue to match. There were six little folding tables, which are still used by the First Form. Every morning the children used to come very early—often I was still at breakfast in the Dining Room of the Boarding House when they arrived. They would come in to say 'Good Morning' and then run upstairs to get the room ready for school: the tables and chairs were placed in two rows, and the books arranged neatly on the tables. When all was ready one girl or boy would come down to fetch me.

The little children's lessons ended at 11, and then six big girls came to have lessons in History, English and Latin. Among these girls was Peggy Duggan, who used to say that she felt sure that we should grow into a big school some day and that she hoped she would be counted as one of the first girls. She brought honour to the school the next June, when she came out at the head of the McGill Matriculation list.

In the Term after Christmas, Mademoiselle Boucher (Madame Gaudion) came to help me by teaching the little girls French while I had the big girls. On June 1st, 1916, we moved into a nice little apartment in Durocher Street, which I thought was just the right size for the two classes. But during the summer holidays there were so many applications for the next year that we had to move into a larger apartment in the same building. There we stayed for the next two Terms, and there we had three classes—one for big girls preparing for Matriculation and two for younger children. Mademoiselle Boucher came for the whole morning, and the older girls used to go to McGill for their Mathematics and Physics. After Christmas some of the parents advised me to look for a house that would be better fitted for a school. We looked at several and at last decided that the most suitable was the one next to the Grosvenor Apartments, 758 Sherbrooke Street. On April 5th, 1917, we broke up for the Easter holidays and on the same day moved into the new house, where we started the Summer Term with about twenty-two girls. Among the new girls were Dorothy Benson and Margaret Molson.

In September 1917 we opened school with fifty-six girls, and Mademoiselle Boucher and I were joined by Miss Seath, Miss Helen Willis, Miss Dodwell (now Mrs. Charlton) and Miss Cameron (Mrs. Roland). The first number of The Study Chronicle will give you the history of that year 1917 to 1918. Although there were so many new Staff and children, yet by Christmas we had become a real school with a true school spirit. Margaret Gordon and Elizabeth MacArthur came in September 1917 and Kathleen Rosamund in September 1918, and to these three girls the school owes more than I can say for the high standard they set as older girls. Margaret Gordon became Head Girl in September 1918 and stayed for two years longer. In 1919 she was succeeded by Kathleen Rosamund, who had with her as Prefects and members of the Sixth Form: Margaret Stairs, Gerda Parsons, Dolly Davidson, Rita Hutchison,

Jean Frosst and Beatrice Lyman, a splendid set of girls who carried on the old traditions and, when we moved into our present building, in January 1921, helped me to start our system of self-government.

In September 1921 Beatrice Lyman became Head Girl—she too brought honour to the school in the Matriculation examination of 1922. Her place was taken in September by Dorothy Benson, who still is a very active member of the community as Captain Benson of the Guides.

Ellen Stansfield became Head Girl in September 1923 and matriculated last June. She was the first girl to have been through the school from the First Form to the Sixth—and is one of the two girls of the original six children who started in 1915 and remained to the end. Margaret Peck is still at school and is now a School Prefect.

During this year we have had two Head Girls, Berys Gilmour and Marjorie Stevenson, who have both carried on the old traditions and, at the same time, have very successfully inaugurated the new division of the school into the two Houses—Mu Gamma and Kappa Rho, named in remembrance of Margaret Gordon and Kathleen Rosamund.

When we came to this house in January, 1921, the late Mr. S. H. Ewing gave me a lease for a short term of years with the option of buying if we found the house suitable for the purpose of a school. After we had been here for about a year I decided that we could not have found a house better suited for our purpose. So I made an appeal for help in obtaining the necessary funds. A most generous response was made by several of the parents and friends of the school, and after several preliminary meetings a Board of Trustees was formed to help me. Major McDonald, Colonel Leggat and Mr. Macnutt acted as Trustees at first and afterwards a regular Board of Governors was appointed. We purchased the house in the autumn of 1922 and Mr. Ewing gave us very generous terms. We should always remember him with gratitude as a friend of the school. He took a very personal interest in all that we did to improve the building and he always told me how glad he was to think that the house which he had himself built nearly sixty years ago and in which he had lived so long should be used as a school in which future generations of Canadians would be trained to become good citizens.

We also owe the very greatest debt of gratitude to all our Governors for the time and thought they have given to the school. I should specially like to thank Mrs. Peck and Major McDonald, who were the retiring Governors last year. Colonel Stairs drafted a bill which was passed by the Quebec Legislature in 1922, by which The Study was incorporated as a School with a proper Constitution and with powers which will allow us to develop still further in the future. The years 1922-4 were most important ones for the future of the school: now we are well started, and I hope every year will see us more firmly established. I think that this present year has seen a great advance in many ways: I am sure that the standard of the work has improved very much.

I hope that before many years have passed we shall have our Hall-Gymnasium, with some new Classrooms over it. But meanwhile I do want you all to feel with me that what really makes the school is not the buildings, but that it is the girls themselves. And the way in which you can all help best of all in establishing the school is by working well, and by learning to be good and useful and unselfish people—and that is what I am sure you are all trying to do. We still have the Summer Term before us and the Bazaar and the end of Term festivities. I hope they will all be a great success and that we shall go away for the holidays full of hope for the future.

I know you will want me to thank in your name the present Governors of the School and also our splendid Staff, who make all our school life so interesting. We are indeed lucky to have so many good people to help us.

Your loving,

M. GASCOIGNE.

The Editors of the Chronicle have asked me to carry on the history of the School from the year 1935 when I succeeded Miss Gascoigne, and I am glad to do it. The period was one of steady growth and development. When I came, the School numbered about 125 girls, now there are over 200. Miss Gascoigne was always open-minded to new ideas in education, and I feel that she would have been as keen as any of us about the developments that time has brought about. Her fundamental emphasis was on the personality of the teacher, the free development and happiness of the children, the love of learning, the enjoyment of work, and these are still the fundamentals which underlie the life of the School today.

In 1935 the School was beginning to recover from the economic depression. Before long our numbers mounted considerably and the Lower School required the whole of the Cote des Neiges building, so that I had to give up my comfortable apartment in it to make way for additional classes.

In these first years I was fortunate in having the advice and help of a Board consisting of Mr. Ross Clarkson, Mrs. R. E. Stavert, Mrs. Wilder Penfield, Mrs. H. P. Wright, Mr. Ross Macdonald and Col. Gerald Hanson, and also the assistance of Miss Stanley, who had been Miss Gascoigne's secretary. The Board had problems of financing to deal with, and their deep interest in putting the school on a sound financial foundation finally resulted, in 1944, in paying off the debentures of the shareholders and entirely freeing the school from debt.

I feel, as I think Miss Gascoigne did, that a good staff, whose teaching is live and vital, is the mainstay of a school. Miss Gascoigne had gathered around her a permanent group of such women. Miss Seath, Mme. Gaudion, Miss Blanchard and Miss Moore, who were in that group, are with us still and through the years have given unstintingly of their best in heart and mind to the School's well-being. Also not to be forgotten in that early group are Miss Hancox, Mrs. Deacon, Miss Hague and Miss Vowles. When Old Girls think of those days, these are guides and friends that they remember with respect and affection. As years went on other teachers joined the staff. Among those who stayed with us for a period of years were Miss Wallace and Miss Horsfall, inspiring science teachers, Miss Sanders, skilled geography specialist, Mlle. Bodier, able French teacher and Miss Indge, Lower Third form mistress, and Miss Harbert, Miss Marshall and Mrs. Reiffenstein who are still with us. On the Lower School staff we especially remember the two Heads, Miss Griffin and Miss Durston, with their sound Froebel methods, and also Miss Malloch, Mrs. Andrews and Miss Butler, who were for many years the guardians and guides of our younger children.

One of the changes made in my early days with the School was the choice of Head Girl and School Prefects by school election rather than by the appointment of the Head Mistress. Many of these girls made a very definite impression on the School.

A fresh stream of life flowed into the school with the outbreak of war, when a group of some twenty-five English children joined us and filled our classes almost to bursting. They were a refreshing influence, and most of them, though back in England and married, still keep in touch with us. We are not likely to forget Pannie and Deirdre Barr, Mary and Ann Brocklebank, Vickie and Susan Reynolds, who contributed much in work and play to Upper School life. In spite of the war those were happy, fruitful days.

Music, acting and art have always played a part in Study life. Clear among the recollections of my first year at the School is the delightful performance of Hansel and Gretel with its charming backdrop of the gingerbread cottage, and in 1940 came the quite ambitious performance of rumpel, for which we used the stage of the Hermitage. Many are the plays which have been put on with ingenuity and humour in our own little hall, or out of doors on the mountain in spring. The Lower School had its plays also, often the children's own words and ideas put into dramatic form with

the help of Miss Suzanne Butler, now the novelist, whose creative gifts were even then evident.

Verse speaking was an event looked forward to at the end of term. I have many pleasant recollections of both Canadian and English children standing on the stage of the hall and making poems live in our memories. We have usually thought these occasions important enough to require outside judges, and Mr. Warwick Chipman and Mr. Sprott, of the Department of English of McGill University, both acted in this capacity. Of late years public speaking has come to the fore, and in competitions organized by the McGill Alumnae, girls from The Study have ranked high. One of our Old Girls, Ann Peacock, last year won an award at McGill for public speaking.

Our School Concerts have become really noteworthy, a proof of the value of Miss Blanchard's training. I suppose the high-water mark was the performance of Benjamin Britten's Ceremony of Carols in Erskine Church at Christmas 1952. Under Miss Blanchard our girls have an education in the understanding and enjoyment of music which will stay with them all their lives. A valuable help in music classes has been the long-player given to the School by Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Stavert and the many beautiful records given by Mrs. Duncan Stewart and Mr. C. B. Fisher.

Games and sports have been going strong through the years under Miss Moore's able direction. Many a season has seen the name of The Study inscribed on the Inter-School basketball cup, and the team of 1944 won especial fame by defeating a basketball team from Lower Canada College. We have also had excellent ski teams competing in events at Saint Sauveur and tennis teams for which we used the courts of the tennis clubs. The demonstrations of physical work put on by Miss Moore have always been enjoyed by our parents, and especially the gay dancing into which the girls entered with zest and which has become increasingly popular.

An unexpectedly successful event, begun very simply in 1942 as a war effort and carried on ever since, has been the School Sale. As well as contributing to hospital and refugee causes and keeping the School in touch with the needs of the world, it has afforded training in organization and is a means of drawing together the whole School, young and older girls and staff, in happy co-operation as each year begins.

No account of the School would be complete without speaking of Miss Seath, who is sought out by all Old Girls on their visits to the School. One of my pleasantest tasks on coming to the School was to free Miss Seath from her manifold Lower School duties and to give her a fuller and freer hand in her 'art centre' on the top floor. She has contributed in untold ways to the value of the School, not only in practical matters such as stage scenery and hall decoration, but above all in her inspiration of class after class of embryo artists. I suppose the high-water mark for Miss Seath was the exhibition in 1955 of paintings by Old and Present girls of The Study, for which the Art Gallery lent its large lecture room, where more than one hundred canvases delighted some 800 friends of the School and also found buyers.

Before closing I should like to mention the many spheres of work which Old Girls of The Study have entered. The high standing in matriculation attained in recent years by our students has led to good work at college. Many girls have then gone on to interesting careers. Architecture, law, laboratory work, medicine, nursing, social work, teaching, library work, journalism, the stage and art are careers which Old Girls are following and in which they are making good. In this way they are fulfilling Miss Gascoigne's hope that The Study would always inspire its girls to play an active part in the work of the world.

MARY G. HARVEY.

To write the concluding paragraphs of this account is to gain an even stronger sense of continuity—to repeat, with most cordial emphasis, Miss Gascoigne's thanks to the Board of Governors and Miss Harvey's tribute to the staff, to reaffirm the aims of the school as set forth by both of them, and to reflect that among the Old Girls their works do follow them. This is not only in their willingness to work their collective fingers to the bone in the Old Girls Association but much more in the idealistic approach to life which is The Study's thumbprint.

One of the people who built this idealism was lost by the resignation of Mrs. Henshaw and her subsequent death. For twenty-seven years, as housekeeper of the school, she presided over a little kitchenette with one gas ring, from which she kept everyone comfortable and taught good manners and good conduct to the girls of the Upper and Middle Schools. Her standards were as inflexible as her kindness was unending and the children loved her as a grandmother. Her kitchenette was modernized too late to be of use to her, but something in the atmosphere remains. The girls still go there to take their troubles to Miss Dickie.

In the last few years the world around us has been changing rapidly. Cote des Neiges Road is a busy—and incredibly noisy—thoroughfare. Parking tickets are a hazard to parents. Within the buildings too there are problems of noise and traffic, for the post war babies have reached Middle School age and there are a lot of them. As the community spreads, pupils from the Lakeshore, Montreal West, Outremont cannot go home for lunch: in fact, there are very few who are now near enough to do so. A daily picnic results, inelegant but apparently nourishing. The new pattern of urban life has changed our afternoons: the apartment dwelling child may have no play place, the newcomer to Montreal no friends. To meet these situations voluntary activities were provided in the afternoons for the Lower and Middle School: so many people stay for them that we can only conclude that the present-day children like group activities.

They also, if caught young enough, like stimulus. It was the reduction to absurdity when the B forms petitioned for homework under the impression that it was a special treat, but most of them at all ages are eager to be interested. To provide a satisfaction which the television age might lose, we are rebuilding the library. The only space available was the little study room on the top floor but it has window seats with orange cushions and a view over the river. Its furniture was Phoebe Redpath's gift. Through the interest of the Old Girls Association and private donors it now houses about fifteen hundred books.

Even the books in a school are not as important as the people. We are now at a period like that of the middle twenties, when Miss Gascoigne wrote the letter here reprinted and practical problems of space gave pause for thought. They were then met by a combination of imagination, bright paint and appreciative friends. These last are with us still. There are now too many names to quote, but the same ones recur and new ones are added, while a lot of people do a lot for the school.

Meanwhile their daughters and their granddaughters go up and down the stairs on feet of various sizes, wearing our uniform for a short but significant time. The children of a puzzled world are sometimes puzzling with all their talk of rock'n'roll and their joking about space ships. The six little folk in the upper room in 1915 seem far away. But there is something familiar in the way that they go suddenly afame with enthusiasm, their real concern for the plight of refugees and the startling clarity with which some of the older ones can recognize the intangible values of life. No general statement can be true of everyone, but the Study girl of the atomic age is singularly like her elder sister.

As we go to press this point is further proved by the academic honours listed in the Old Girls notes, a fitting and very happy ending.

KATHARINE LAMONT.

School Officials

<i>Head Girl</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	JILL JENKINS
<i>Sub-Head</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	AUDREY HAMILTON
<i>Games Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	WILSON BAXTER

PREFECTS

AUDREY HAMILTON	WENDY STEVENSON
JILL JENKINS	WENDY TIDMARSH
	LYNDA MELLING

EDITOR

WENDY STEVENSON

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

WILSON BAXTER	DIANA MACKAY
JOAN DE PASS	WENDY TIDMARSH
AUDREY HAMILTON	ANN VAN ALSTYNE
ANN HALE	CHRISTINE BONE
	PRISCILLA KUHNER

EXCHANGE EDITOR

JOYCE McEWEN

*“Alle is buxumnesse there, and bookees for to rede and to lerne,
And great love and lykinge for each of hem loveth other.”*

Piers Plowman.

THE STUDY SERVICE

Each year in June The Study gathers in Christ Church Cathedral for the annual closing service.

This service is such that even the stranger feels welcome and enjoys it. However it is for those closely connected with the school that it has its deepest meaning, and with the organ prelude a common bond arises between past, present and future. For by remaining basically the same over the years it allows all to participate, and creates a feeling of unity, which is achieved at no other time in the year.

The service was first held in 1926, a few years after the founding of the school and ever since then it has formed an integral part of the school tradition.

It is true that it will mean different things to different people. Thus the member of Lower B, who, upon obeying to the letter Miss Blanchard's instructions to go right up to the front, only to find herself wandering forlorn and thwarted under the altar, views it with far different eyes from the sixth former in the choir for the last time. Nevertheless as a symbol of all The Study stands for, it is an inspiring ending to the year, and to all, graduation without it would be inconceivable.



Motto: We, the Sixth Form, can only cancel factors.



JILL JENKINS

A lively interest in the school has carried Jill from Lower B to her present position as Head-Girl where her gift for organization has been invaluable. Jill's unfailing efforts deserve much of the credit for our increased charitable activities. We hear that she will be joining Lesley and Diana in the exodus to Switzerland.

Activities:

Head-Girl
Prefect

AUDREY HAMILTON

This year Audrey has been not only a capable Sub-Head but a vivacious and active member of the sixth form. With "Napoleon's unmentionable army" to her credit she has had no difficulty in finding time for such varied interests as maths, skating, sailing and dress-making. Our Sub-Head has also been all the way through the school.

Activities:

Sub-Head of the School
Games Captain of Delta Beta '55-'56
Head of Delta Beta
Prefect
1st Basketball Team '54-'55, '56-'57
2nd Basketball Team '55-'56





WILSON BAXTER

Wilsie's sportsmanship and athletic dexterity have combined to make her an excellent games captain. For the past twelve years she has salvaged our rather poor attendance record. At four intervals in the week a plaintive wail arises—"I'm lost!" says our mathematical genius.

Activities:

Games Captain of The Study
Sub-Head Delta Beta
Games Captain Delta Beta '56-'57
Junior Ski Team '52-'53
Senior Ski Team '53-'57
2nd Basketball Team '54-'55
1st Basketball Team '56-'57

JOAN DE PASS

We are all proud of Joan's exceptional skating ability. This, however, has one drawback, which is apparent to anyone viewing, the lack of uniformity in our kneeling drill exercises. After five years at McGill and Columbia Universities Joan will be found teaching retarded children.



LESLEY GRAY

The question of the moment is whether Lesley's artistic skill or her scholastic ambitions will triumph. However, this is certain, over the years her lunch has rescued many a hungry sixth former. Her characteristic, "But Why?" has enlivened many a class argument.

Activities:

Sub-Head of Kappa Rho

PRISCILLA KUHNER

"Ken's" good natured friendliness has brightened many a gloomy day. Her first venture from the well-beaten track of badminton and tennis this winter led to a broken nose on the slopes of Mont Gabriel. Nothing daunted, she was back two weeks later. After a year's course at MacDonald, she will go to—you guessed it—Switzerland.



MARGUERITE L'ANGLAIS

To our constant amazement Marguerite's work shows no evidence of her too frequent illnesses. Baba, who came to us in Lower B, brings her desire for perfection to all her endeavours and it is no surprise to learn that she is heading for a career in either art or the theatre.

Activities:

Sub-Head of Mu Gamma



DIANA MacKAY

Diana's enthusiasm is evident in all her interests, and her flare for maths has made her a natural choice for treasurer. She can be counted on to be one of the leaders in the race to be first on the ski-hills and was a valuable member of our ski team. Diana is another member of the class who has been right through the school.

Activities:

Sub-Head of Beta Lambda
School Treasurer
Junior Ski Team '54-'55
Senior Ski Team '55-'56, '56-'57

JOYCE McEWEN

Joyce's interest in handicrafts provided excellent material for our entry to the McGill Public Speaking Contest and her skill, many and varied articles for our bazaars. With Joyce, a twitching nose is a sure sign of a hearty laugh to follow. She is planning to enter Physiotherapy next year.



LYNDA MELLING

The most travelled member of the form, Lynda has raised our envy with her winter tans. Her eleven years at The Study have been distinguished by both conscientiousness and hard work in all her undertakings.

Activities:

Prefect



WENDY STEVENSON

Since her arrival in Lower B, Wendy has achieved doubtful fame as the Waterloo of every known method of teaching spelling. Her principal sport is riding which has provided her with many an interesting trip. Her dry sense of humor has kept the class well-stocked with entertainment.

Activities:

Head of Mu Gamma
Prefect
Editor of the Magazine

WENDY TIDMARSH

From Lower B on, Wendy has shown a willingness to take an active part in any class activity. "Tee's "deep-throated," "Allo dis place" belies her normal good nature. After a summer in the gift shop at Jasper, she plans a Home Economics course at Mount Allison leading to a career as a dietitian.

Activities:

Head of Beta Lambda
School Treasurer
Prefect



ANN VAN ALSTYNE

Ann's athletic ability has been proven in numerous divisions of our school sports, while her varied interests have stimulated many class discussions. We sincerely hope there will always be a supply of pink pens to see her through both college and her travels abroad.

Activities:

Head of Kappa Rho
Games Captain of Kappa Rho '55-'56
2nd Basketball Team '54-'56
Junior Ski Team '53-'55
Senior Ski Team '55-'57



LOUISE WHITAKER

Lou's friendliness coupled with an infectious laugh have made her a welcome and valuable sixth former. A good athlete Lou also enjoys the distinction of being the class authority on sports cars.

Activities:

1st Basketball Team '55-'56
2nd Basketball Team '56-'57
Tennis Team '55-'56

FACES

They called it "The Manor". To me, it was an aged, brown house filled with sun and happiness, calmly waiting, there in the greenness of Herefordshire, never disturbed. On the fourth day of my visit I was asked to go up and see "The Faces". I accepted. I was led to the third floor, to the front of the house. I followed through a door, through an unlit room, into a long gallery. On one side the wall was cut by five gabled windows. On the other side the wall was lined with portraits. A row of faces gazed from dark interiors, surrounded by gilt frames.

"These are 'The Faces'. They are the best part of 'The Manor'. Everyone who is painted here once lived in this house."

"Are they all dead?" I asked

"Yes".

"Are they your ancestors?"

"Very few. It was a tradition to leave one's portrait if one left 'The Manor', in body or in soul. It still is."

"A tradition?"

"Yes"

"Shall you?"

"Yes"

Then silence followed. I walked down the narrow room, looking at each painting, each face, and wondering a little. I counted them. There were twenty-three, twenty-three masks of the inhabitants of this house who had gone forever. There remained, lining this long, cold room, twenty-three mementos of those long mute.

I walked forward to the portrait of a kindly, passive old gentleman, whose hair was grey, whose collar was tall, and whose eyes stared steadfastly through the opposite wall. I thought:

How strange you are. You represent a man. That man once thought and acted. You are his face, mirrored on canvas. People may pass and say, "There is Lord Sage", but he is dead. His face has rotted, while yours stays on, untouched. You are his mark on the world. You are his facial signature. You show the colour of his hair, the form of his eyes, but you cannot show his soul. That is why you are not he, that is why you have not shrivelled, because the spirit of Lord Sage has been called away.

I passed down the room, thinking of the meaning of 'The Faces'. Those relics in support of the validity of the existence of twenty-three people. And as I looked, the faces all seemed to be sleeping with their eyes open. And only the mouths showed the change of character from one to the next; some contented, some bitter, some cynical, some wistful. Yet all 'The Faces' wore a faraway look, expressed a feeling of being only half there, and bore an air of something lacking. These were old men and young, grand ladies and one child.

The child was in blue, and her hair and face were so pale that the two merged together unnoticeably. The nose was small, and the mouth curled pleasantly. The face expressed only a passive acceptance, as a child who rules her realm in happiness. Later she would have learned anxiety, that life ends in death. How unthinkingly we slip through time, smiling inwardly at Pan, never searching for his secret.

And then a voice broke through these thoughts. "That is my mother's great uncle. He was bad, Mother says. Anyone can tell he was bad."

I felt cross. He was bad? Because his mouth drooped, because his heavy brows made his eyes dark and sinister? One could not tell from seeing, one could not tell from hearing, but only from knowing him, himself, and he was dead. A man is not guilty until proved so to be. And then I wondered if ever, in the elusive future, someone would point to a portrait of me, and say "There she is. She was worthless, just look!" We are all the same, helpless in the face of tricky time. Time is lord over all, and in time, either good or bad may be lost or remembered. I smiled to myself and mused that I would give that 'bad' man the benefit of the doubt.

Then, perhaps I would leave no portrait. Yet everyone yearns to be remembered in some way, and longs to feel that he has served his purpose on earth. We are so small, so very small. When a baby is born, a new, magnificent era begins for his family. In reality, the little child is no more than the faintest pin-prick on eternity.

In the vast circle of predecessors and successors, we long to stand out, we long to float, not sink, in the sea of faces.

TEACHING STAFF

Head Mistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.
University of Toronto and Oxford University

MRS. T. BEATTIE, M.A. St. Andrew's University, Scotland	<i>Geography</i>
MISS R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M. Toronto Conservatory of Music	<i>Singing</i>
MISS B. J. CURRIE, B.A. Oxon	<i>History</i>
MISS JANICE DALGLISH Primary School Teachers' Certificate, New Zealand	<i>Lower B</i>
MRS. W. B. Emo, B.Sc. McGill University	<i>Geography</i>
MADAME GAUDION Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille	<i>French</i>
MISS ELEANOR M. HARBERT, B.A., M.A. University of Toronto and McGill University	<i>English</i>
MISS Brenda Howard National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Lower A</i>
MISS LAURA IZOD National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Upper B</i>
MRS. M. LENNARD National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Upper A</i>
MISS M. MALACHOWSKI Diploma of the Teachers' Training College, Cecilien, Germany	<i>Lower III</i>
MISS M. B. MARSHALL, B.A., M.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Classics</i>
MISS D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education	<i>Dancing, Drill & Games</i>
MLLE N. MORIN Brevet du Conservatoire d'Art Dramatique de la Province de Québec, Direction Jan Doat	<i>French</i>
MRS. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Mathematics</i>
MLLE E. REVAI, B.A., Ph.D. University of Budapest	<i>French</i>
MRS. H. R. SCOTT, B.A. Wooster College	<i>Science</i>
MISS ETHEL SEATH Member of the Canadian Group of Painters	<i>Art</i>

NEWS FROM THE COMMON ROOM

This year saw only three of the staff leave the school. The Lower School lost two of its teachers—Miss Card and Miss Quintin. Miss Card resigned in order that she might return to England to be near her ailing father, and since Christmas has been teaching in a school near London. However she plans to return to Canada some day and would like to start her own school for small children.

Miss Quintin's resignation on the other hand was for a cheerful reason. She went abroad for last summer and liked it so much that she stayed. She now has a post in London and it is no great surprise to learn that she is enjoying herself immensely.

I am sure that their absence is felt throughout the entire school and that they are wished both happiness and success in their future ventures by all.

However, our gain in Miss Howard and Miss Izod was as great as our loss. Miss Howard is mistress of Lower A while Miss Izod is mistress of Upper B. In addition they supervise the handicrafts of the Lower and Middle Schools which no doubt requires ingenuity and patience. This coming summer they are planning a trip to Vancouver and San Francisco. Our hopes that they are happy here, our wishes for an enjoyable trip and our envy are extended to them.

The Middle and Upper Schools recorded a loss in the person of Mrs. Emo at Easter. Upper III were sorry but gave her a bunny and a blanket. Mrs. Emo has been in charge of the geography department for the past year and a half as well as mistress of Upper III. Our regrets are lessened by her future joy.

To replace Mrs. Emo, Mrs Beattie came to us. She has taught previously in Scotland and Canada and now resides with her family in Fort Chambly. We hope that she has found satisfaction in the difficult task which faced her during this past term. Miss Harbert graciously consented to take Upper Fifth's geography classes as the matriculating form would have found it extremely difficult to review with a new teacher.

By now everyone knows that Miss Coleman is now Mrs. M. Lennard. She was married on April twelfth in Christ Church Cathedral and we wish the new bride all the happiness in the world and look forward to her presence again next year.

On June 22nd in St. Lambert, our never failing Miss Corish will be married to Mr. Gerald Mulhall, much to the delight of the romantically-minded students. Needless to add, our wish for her future good fortune and joy comes from the bottoms of our hearts.

On this happy note I conclude this article.

JOAN DE PASS, *Sixth Form.*

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY

When school opened last Autumn, it was not long before adventurous members of The Study discovered new furniture in our library. This along with an excellent selection of some of the newest books was the gift of Phoebe Redpath, to whom we are all very grateful.

Dr. Neatby, an interested friend of the school most generously gave us some money for books, the choice of which she left to the school.

The S.O.G.A. supplemented these gifts with a donation of \$100. to the Library fund, for which we should like to thank them very much.

JILL JENKINS, *Sixth Form.*

OUR WORLD IS GROWING SMALLER

The earth itself is not physically smaller than it was just a few centuries ago, but it certainly is beginning to feel that way. I am ready to blame it all on modern science. Granted scientists have performed some marvelous feats, but I am beginning to feel somewhat crowded in this rapidly shrinking world.

Communications have been the worst offenders in decreasing the size of the world. Everything is so efficient! What with telephones, telegrams, television and telepathy there is no privacy anywhere. And then there are cars, trains, boats and planes to take you practically everywhere and practically instantaneously.

A hundred years ago, who would have dreamt of commuting between Europe and America? And yet, goodness knows, I've read of a great many actresses and business men who do it as a matter of course, as though it were just a short hop. And perhaps it is. All things are relative, I am told.

People, collectively, travel millions of miles just for short vacations. Some go around the world while others go only a few hundred miles but very few would think of staying home.

In this mechanical age distance doesn't mean a thing. What an explorer of another century would have considered as almost a life-time goal would be thought of now as merely a short jaunt. Travelling, which was once considered as an arduous task to be avoided when possible, has now become a pleasure and people often go for cruises with no objective in mind other than to get a lovely tan or something equally frivolous.

Speed has become an obsession with some. These people build faster boats, planes and cars just for the sake of knowing that they are faster than their neighbors. The modern jets with their tremendous velocity have made the earth seem so small in fact, that some scientists in search of more room have decided to invade space.

SONIA STAIRS, *Upper V.*

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

1st Prize—"Swans" MARY MACFARLANE



THE TORTURE OF UNCERTAINTY

The hush in the courtroom was growing oppressive, as the crowd waited for the jury's verdict. Seated beside her lawyer, the defendant, Maria Tintello, was lost in her thoughts. She, and she alone, knew that she had not committed the terrible crime of which she was accused—that of killing her crippled landlady for a sum of money, which was a little under five hundred dollars. Maria felt lost in a maze, as she thought of the last few months. Having no alibi, how could she prove her innocence? How could she make the court believe that which only she could say was the truth? Though she had not got on very well with Mrs. Schnatsky, still was that any reason to believe, that she, Maria, could kill this woman in cold blood?

When she was first accused, Maria had felt no worry about her trial. It all seemed so easy—just tell the court the truth—and of course they would believe her guiltless. "What a fool I was!" kept running through Maria's mind, "What a fool not to have foreseen this possibility of not being believed. I might have been able to have got myself an alibi, and produced more evidence to clear myself."

"But what and how?" demanded her common sense. The prosecuting lawyer had swept away any defence she might have had with a masterly sweep of the hand. Public opinion was against her, and no matter where her thoughts started, they always led to the same end. That was, if (that dreadful "if") she were condemned, must she die? "I don't want to die. I'm too young," Maria gasped to herself. "I don't want to die. How strangely wonderful this life seems all of a sudden, so glad, so vivid!" She felt suddenly nauseated at the thought of death. She tried to picture the jury in her mind, and how they had looked during the trial. She gave a sudden movement of impatience. This waiting in suspense was taking full toll of her, and her nerves were strained to the breaking point. She wished the jury would reach a decision. At this point she did not care if it was for or against her, only to get over this torture of uncertainty, this torture of not knowing. As she gave another sudden movement, the door behind which the jury had been making their verdict was opened, and the head jurymen stepped out. "Your Honour, we have reached a decision of . . .

ELSPETH McGREEVY, *Upper V.*

THE HAND

The world was nothing . . . an empty platter.
All was deep silence.
It was a frightening silence, so quiet it was noisy.
The air was a velvet black . . . heavy and uncomforting.
Suddenly The Hand reached out from the skies,
And in the tightly clenched fist lay a tiny ball of clay.
The hand opened . . . the ball was flung wide:
Too fast it came, for when it reached the surface
It broke into a thousand, thousand pieces,
And scattered everywhere, making mountains and plains,
Gentle slopes and gouged river basins.
Then the skies grew even blacker, and the rain poured forth.
Lightning streaked across the heavens, the thunder rolled.
Down, down came the rain, heavier and heavier,
Until, at the blackest and wettest hour, it stopped.
The darkness cleared away.
There below were mighty oceans, roaring waterfalls, and bubbling brooks.
The sudden blue of the sky was reflected on the waters,
Everything was bright and full of life.
Trees and grass began to grow,
And the sun gave forth streams of golden light.
Life came into existence.

VIRGINIA MATHIAS, *Middle V.*

MU GAMMA



Front Row—L. to R.: Jill Johnson, Sandro Meokins, Joonne Robertson.

Second Row—L. to R.: Deirdre Henderson, Ann Barclay, Jennifer Carroll, Nancy Walker, Gillion Hill, Janet Bueb, Joan Johnson, Gail Corneil.

Third Row—L. to R.: Diana Covert, Penny Corneil, Jacqueline Evans, Susan Sharp, Brenda Bridgmon, Susan Dorling, Ann Keeley, Virginio Stikemon.

Fourth Row—L. to R.: Altheo Nonneman, Elspeth McGreevy, Isabel Joseph, Ann Pepall, Felicity Ballontyne, Sally Meokins, Diana Johnson, Linda Coristine, Mary Darling.

Back Row—L. to R.: Marguerite L'Anglais, Joan De Pass, Wendy Stevenson.

Absent: Jill Angus, Kathleen Dorrian, Cinda Harper, Elizabeth Macnaughton.

House Mistresses — — — — — Miss Malachowski, Miss Currie

Head — — — — — Wendy Stevenson

Sub-Head — — — — — Marguerite L'Anglais

Games Captain — — — — — Mary Darling

Last year Mu Gamma won the House Cup and this year we have managed to keep ahead led by Susan Darling, Jennifer Carroll, Gail Corneil, Jacqueline Evans, Ann Pepall and Susan Sharp.

In sports we have got off on the right foot, winning the Volley Ball and coming second in the Basketball, and we are keeping our fingers crossed for the other events.

We were sorry to lose Elizabeth Fieldhouse and Cinda Harper. However we are sure that Cinda is enjoying her visit to England.

Miss Malachowski and Miss Currie have once more given us their enthusiastic support, for which we are very grateful. We would also like to thank Joan De Pass, who has helped us in many ways, as well as averting a weekly crisis with her seemingly endless supply of pencils.

Good luck next year, Mu Gamma.

WENDY STEVENSON, MARGUERITE L'ANGLAIS.

KAPPA RHO



Front Row—L. to R.: Jane Harner, Susan Thampsan, Caroline Henwood, Andrea Weir.
 Second Row—L. to R.: Joel Pootmans, Doreen Adair, Diana Stephens, Jennifer Dixon, Barbara White, Sheila Bell.
 Third Row—L. to R.: Jean Callison, Kathie Fisher, Anne Thom, Janet Gardiner, Gabrielle Maquette, Joan Tharntan, Anne Perodeau, Mary Cape.
 Fourth Row—L. to R.: Sally Parteaus, Lillian Stein, Gael Pootmans, Mary McDougall, Anne Hale, Sally Farrell, Marjorie Pitblada, Alex Weil, Mary Tham.
 Back Row—L. to R.: Sally Tharntan, Martha McMaster, Louise Whitaker, Ann Van Alstyne, Lesley Gray, Caroline White, Sonia Stairs, Veranica Butler.
 Absent: Elsilyn Berrill, Rosamund Collyer, Abigail MacInnes.

House Mistresses — — — — — Miss Marshall, Miss Harbert
Head — — — — — — Ann Van Alstyne
Sub-Head — — — — — — Lesley Gray
Games Captain — — — — — Anne Hale

Although Kappa Rho keeps safely in the middle of the scholastic road, beneath her apparent lack of intellectual achievement is a smouldering enthusiasm which flares up frequently. We heartily congratulate the basketball players. The upper-school team led us to victory for the fourth successive year and the middle-school won their series too. For the sake of competition our able games captain gathered together a volley-ball team which stood on the floor and gracefully qualified for a booby prize.

Despite Kappa Rho's spasmodic talkativeness and forgetfulness of books we are very proud of her sportsmanship, friendliness and cooperation, not to mention our histrionic and artistic ability.

We extend grateful thanks to our very helpful and understanding house-mistresses.

Good luck to each girl in the future.

ANN VAN ALSTYNE, LESLEY GRAY.

DELTA BETA



Front Row—L. to R.: Susan Baxter, Vicki Keator, Prue Hugman, Barbara Gurberg, Susan Brainerd, Roberta De Vries, Kate Lewis, Barbara Birks.

Second Row—L. to R.: Dery McLernan, Martha Cassils, Linda Frasst, Sandra Herran, Betty Cragg, Peta Dodd, Lorna Birks, Diane Reid, Mary Brinsden, Mary Hawken.

Third Row—L. to R.: Diana McLernon, Sally Birks, Angela Richardson, Mimi Baird, Mary Bane, Diana King, Susan Eversfield, Virginia Mathias, Penny Huqman.

Back Row—L. to R.: Wilsie Baxter, Janet Montgomery, Nina de Bury, Joan Haley, Audrey Hamilton, Christine Bone, Margaret-Lynne Jaques, Lynda Melling.

Absent: Prue Heword.

House Mistresses - - - - Madame Gaudion, Mrs. Scott

Games Captain - - - - - Wilsie Baxter

Delta Beta this year with the outstanding help of Roberta De Vries and Penny Hugman is maintaining a fairly high standing.

Unfortunately we lost Karon Keator and Eleanor Tweedy halfway through the year, but we welcomed gladly Derry McLernon in January.

In the sports world Delta Beta's light seems to shine more brilliantly. Last year with the help of Mary and Christine Bone who won the tennis for us, we proudly received the cup. Although our basketball and volleyball teams were not triumphant this year, we are still keeping our fingers crossed as many events remain ahead.

Many thanks to Madame Gaudion and Mrs. Scott who have given much support to the house.

Good luck Delta Betans in the future and don't forget that one important thing—house spirit.

AUBREY HAMILTON, WILSIE BAXTER.

BETA LAMBDA



Front Row—L. to R.: Mary Mockoy, Mortho Trower, Cathy Jarvis, Judith Parish, Eleanor Fleet, Betty Finnie, Lindy Peck.

Second Row—L. to R.: Noncy McEntyre, Jeon Finnie, Judith Crocker, Suson Lerew, Lindsay Scott, Mory MacForlane.

Third Row—L. to R.: Sherrill Nelson, Morny Landsberg, Margaret Wolloce, Lynne Parish, Heather MacLean, Jennifer Tonton, Sherrill Christmas, Erica Lerwoy, Jone Nelson.

Fourth Row—L. to R.: Ann Crocker, Mory Louson, Morilyn Maughan, Caroline Doyle, Jone MacForlane; Anne Bruce, Lyndo Southom, Jennifer Trower.

Back Row—L. to R.: Priscilla Kuhner, Wendy Tidmarsh, Jill Jenkins, Diana Mockoy, Joyce McEwen.

Absent: Judith Stewart, Diana Fairmon, Joon MacArthur.

House Mistresses — — — — — Mrs. Reiffenstein, Mrs. Emo

Head — — — — — Wendy Tidmarsh

Sub-Head — — — — — Diana MacKay

Games Captain — — — — — Marilyn Maughan

Once again Beta Lambda finds herself the caboose on the scholastic train. In spite of our never-ending efforts to achieve a higher rating, we find the House Cup entirely out of our reach.

In the Athletic field however, Beta Lambda should provide stiff competition in the struggle to capture the Sports Cup. This winter we tied for second place in the volleyball competitions and with Sports Day and the Swimming meet still ahead of us, our House, under the capable management of our Games Captain, Marilyn Maughan, with a "Little Bit of Luck," should be victorious.

This Easter we were forced to bid a sad farewell to Mrs. Emo, who in her two years as House Mistress, has been a willing member as well as a loyal supporter. We should also like to thank Mrs. Reiffenstein for her support and excellent advice.

We hope that next year luck will ride with Beta Lambda and that she will become the engine instead of the caboose!

WENDY TIDMARSH, DIANA MACKAY.

“DAWN”

Ivan sat on the edge of his iron cot and stared blankly out the small window. Through the iron bars he could see the dark night sky, sprinkled with a few stars striving to shine as long as possible before the winter sun would rise and obliterate them entirely. It would not be long 'till dawn. Ivan shuddered, partly because the cold stone walls and thin prison suit afforded him very little heat, but mainly because of what the new day would mean to him and his comrades.

They had all realized that if their plot failed they would be arrested and perhaps killed. But at least they would be dying for the welfare of Russia. “Someone had to remove the top man in the reactionary faction, which was keeping Russia from progressing. It was right then that the Tsar should die,” Ivan thought to himself. Even though he and his friends were going to be shot for having attempted to assassinate Nicholas II, perhaps they would be hailed as political heroes who had sacrificed their young lives to save their country from a fate worse than death. However, the more Ivan thought about it, the less glorious their deaths seemed. If he and his fellow conspirators had not had such rotten luck, that fateful day, Nicholas II would have been blown to bits by the bomb and Russia would be free! But the bomb went off too soon and the authorities had caught and arrested the culprits on the spot. That had been three weeks ago, and now all five of the would-be-assassins were to be shot at dawn. “If only it had worked,” mourned Ivan, clenching his fists, but it had not. “We failed to liberate Russia from the reactionary régime and here we are—about to die for our troubles.”

He began to wonder what thoughts his friends were having, as the time drew near. He had not been able to speak to them since the arrest, but he knew they were in the cells down the corridor. Ivan could not bear to think of his young comrades any longer.

He cast a quick glance out the window and noticed the sky had grown lighter and the stars were slowly fading. Ivan was perspiring profusely despite the coldness all around and within him. He tried desperately to clear his mind and think of something pleasant, but the effort proved futile. He had the sensation that his life was the sand on which he was standing and time was the undertow, which was pulling it away from beneath his feet. His mind was filled with horrible memories of the past few weeks and the constant reminder that he had only so many more breaths to take before it would be all over.

Above all, Ivan did not want to break up emotionally before dawn. These were his last few hours on earth and he must try to make the best of them. He walked around the room several times and peered out into the dimly lit passageway. The silence was broken by the click-clack of an officer's heavy boots, as he walked mechanically down the dingy corridor on his night watch. Ivan cringed with every step the guard took and wished he could blow his brains out. The footsteps rang out louder, as the unseen form approached the end of the block. Ivan could see his shadow—a great dark phantom-like shape on the wall, which grew more and more grotesque, the closer the guard came. Then he appeared—a huge man dressed in a dark uniform, with an ugly revolver at his side. Ivan thought, with the shadows playing on his expressionless countenance, he looked like a simple minded Siberian, and to show his disapproval he spat out at the officer. The action went unheeded and the robot turned automatically and retraced his steps. The click-clack of his boots died away and everything became painfully silent once again.

Ivan noticed the sky had become rosy and golden. “The sun must be rising”, he thought, stiffening. Someone coughed nervously in the cell opposite. The crowing of a cock nearby pierced the stillness and formally proclaimed the coming of a new day.

More footsteps, the clinking of keys in a lock and the creaking of a massive barred cell door, as it was opened, echoed down the hall and reached Ivan's keen ears.

Feet shuffled and two sets of footsteps died away at the other end of the block. Ivan broke into a cold sweat. He realized what the commotion had been about and knew it would soon be his turn.

It suddenly struck him that he had a matter of minutes left. Faces of his family and friends whirled through his mind and his life seemed to flash before him. He became panicky and threw himself wildly at his cell door, pounding and clenching at the iron bars. But like a caged animal, he soon realized his cries and thrashings were in vain and escape was impossible. He staggered back to his bed and came to his senses. He was ashamed of his cowardly outburst and hoped those who were worse off did not hate him for his scene. Here he was, an orphan, with nothing much to live for, waiting and acting like a crazy man. He had tried to be of some use to his countrymen, but had failed. So what? Lots of people make mistakes, only the consequences for Ivan were brutally severe. But it was of no use facing death like a loathesome coward. For a while he seemed to get hold of himself.

The tension mounted and Ivan could hear the guards leading each prisoner to his death. Some poor soul nearby broke into choked sobs. Ivan felt himself breaking and could no longer contain his emotions. He threw himself face-down on his cot and cried softly. A ray of light fell on the stone floor like a strip of pale yellow ribbon. He suddenly started to laugh quietly but his voice soon broke into a high pitched wail like that of a wounded hyena. He looked blankly at the light on the floor and his cries subsided. He tried to console himself with the fact the sun would at least be shining brightly on him as he died. However the mental strain and anxiety proved too much for his young mind and he lay on the cot trembling and sobbing as though his heart was bursting into a million pieces. When the guards finally came for him he was unconscious. They had to carry his limp body down to the courtyard.

Alexander Hutchison Essay, Second Prize *MARGUERITE L'ANGLAIS, Sixth Form.*

THE ROBIN

The robin is a cheerful sight,
He seems to bring the spring.
He trills and trills with all his might,
His song's a magic thing.

It makes the lovely crocus bloom,
But for the worm, poor thing,
The Robin's song is one of doom,
And Judgement Day is spring.

ANN PERODEAU, Lower IV.

TWILIGHT

Come darkest night, and fading day,
Here for a while together stay,
Night, bless your winds so cool and slow,
Day, say farewell for you must go.
Dark is your path, mysterious night,
Setting the sunbeams all to flight,
Day, you must go, gather your light,
With veils of gray, the hills benight.
Softly, softly shadows fall,
Distantly, distantly night owls call,
Twilight is come all is asleep
Silently, timidly moonbeams peep.

ERICA LERWAY, Upper IV.

DRAMATIC NOTES



RJ



There has been increased activity and interest in dramatics this year. The Lower School held a Christmas entertainment to which their parents were invited. The affair began with a French play, coached by Mademoiselle Revai. This pantomime was accompanied by a French song sung by the non-participants. Performed by Lower B, "Red Riding Hood" was a great success. Following this was "Jenny's Circus", put on by the 'Afternoon Dramatic' group. This group comprises the members of the two small forms—Upper B and Lower A. Under the guidance of Miss Howard, who adapted the script, the play was well performed. The highlight of the performance was the last play—"Granny Gray is Down the Well", given by Upper A. Mrs Lennard wrote parts to include the large cast of eighteen. All the actresses knew their parts perfectly. Anne L'Anglais in the lead role showed dramatic ability. The Lower School festivities ended with a presentation of a Christmas gift by each child to her mother.

Dramatic talent seems to be abundant in the Middle School this year. Lower III, under the expert coaching of Mademoiselle Morin, put on a French play "L'Histoire de Brian le Fou", which was very successful. We are looking forward to "Hansel and Gretel" also in French, to be given in May. Upper III performed three plays. An unusual departure was a poetic production, "Get up and Bar the Door". Sheila Bell and Mary Cape, portraying the stubborn old lady and equally obstinate old man, were both very realistic. In "Hind Horn", Nancy MacIntyre as Hind Horn and Diana Stephens as the beggar deserve special mention. The third play "The Friendly Waiter"

was a short scene from David Copperfield. Susan Brainerd gave us a highly amusing portrayal of the waiter, and meek David Copperfield was Sandy Meakins. Each of these plays was applauded vigorously by the audience. Lower IV produced two plays in which the depth and skill of the acting drew the admiration of all who saw them. Ann Perodeau was outstanding in "The Deluge" as Noah. Joan Johnson as Noah's wife was delightfully disagreeable. This play was most interesting as it was a thirteenth century mystery play. As an introduction to this play "The Playwrights of Chester" was well done by the rest of the form, with Sally Farrel deserving praise for her portrayal of the master of the guild. Miss Currie, who was in charge of both Upper III and Lower IV dramatics, drilled her groups well and as a result they knew their parts flawlessly.

Under the patient guidance of Miss Harbert, Lower V's presentation of "Rummage Rumpus" was very light and amusing. Mary Bone was wonderful as a poverty stricken Italian woman. Sherril Nelson and Marny Landsburg were most convincing as negroes. The accents intrigued us all and a song at the end of the play marked a variation of the usual "The End".

The previously mentioned teachers all deserve many thanks for the splendid job they have done in coaching their forms. We have certainly enjoyed the delightful entertainment which has been provided for us this year.

ANN VAN ALSTYNE, *Sixth Form.*

SPEAKERS

This year the Sixth Form has been most fortunate in having several very interesting people speaking to the school.

Early in the Christmas term Mrs. Farrell came to give us an account of the work done by the Turnabout Shop, its contents, location and how it operates. Many girls had heard something about the shop but had not had a real idea of what went on there, so by the end of Mrs. Farrell's speech we all knew what we could find at the Turnabout.

When the Red Feather began its campaign, Miss Raginsky of the University Settlement came to speak on the wonderful work the settlement was doing with the poor. She told us how the money received by the campaign took boys and girls off the street and taught them handicrafts and various things that led them to become good and respectable citizens of the future.

Last October the discontented Hungarians staged an unsuccessful revolt in Hungary and this revolt led to thousands of starving and homeless refugees. Canada opened her doors to many of these and that is where the Hungarian Relief Fund comes in. Mr. D. Gyallay-Papp spoke to us about the aims of this fund in supplying food, clothing and shelters for the Hungarians. At the end of his talk we all had an idea that any money we had left should be given to such a deserving fund.

At the beginning of the month of December, The Study was able to have the Reverend Canon Bryan Green who took a few moments from his very strenuous schedule to give us a frank and serious talk on religion. After his most interesting sermon, we had a few minutes of open discussion with him in which we asked him various questions. We are indebted to Canon Green for having come to The Study.

The Sixth Form and Upper Fifth were in for another visitor in the person of Mrs. Gault of the McGill School of Physiotherapy. At first most of us only had a fair knowledge in what therapy involved, but soon we were given a clear picture of the helpful work therapists do in aiding a patient to recover his unused muscles and now some girls are thinking of taking a therapy course when they leave school.

Mademoiselle Morin was kind enough to give the Sixth and Upper Fifth a recital of poetry tracing it from early to modern times. One poem was acted out extremely well by two Lower Fourths: Gail Corneil and Ann Perodeau.

PRISCILLA KUHNER, *Sixth Form.*



LESLEY GRAY, *Sixth Form.*

This year has been an especially good one for the art students. Our timetable has provided more classes for the senior girls, and this extra time has been appreciated greatly. The Study will be well represented in June at the art matriculation, and all the candidates are indebted to Miss Seath for her remarkable training, her abundant supply of advice, and remarkable patience.

The younger children are not to be forgotten by any means. Under Miss Seath's expert guidance they have received a sound foundation in art, and have learned the basic steps in the media of modelling, painting, drawing, the making of play scenery, masks and pets. These early years of training are very important, and the younger girls will appreciate the fact as they grow older.

The Sixth Form has enjoyed the history of art classes immensely this year. I think we can now appreciate the works of the great masters, and we feel that this course under Miss Seath has proved a great asset.

This Christmas the creche consisted of the Madonna painted in realistic colours by the Sixth Form. The stained glass window done by some members of Upper Fifth was very colourful and well done.

Carolyn Strauss, Judy Parish, Deirdre Henderson and Elspeth McGreevy must be congratulated for receiving prizes in the Shankar Weekly Paper Competition. Mrs. McGreevy's contribution of the Eskimo carving was a welcome addition to the objects of the art room. As we leave the art room for the last time we feel sad that we have finished these enjoyable years, yet we are glad of the knowledge and experience we have gained. We hope that future art pupils will derive as much benefit and enjoyment from the classes as we have.

MARGUERITE L'ANGLAIS, LESLEY GRAY, *Sixth Form.*

MUSIC

The first event in our musical year was the Spring Concert. Following an interesting programme by the Middle and Junior Schools, the Upper School sang Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice" as arranged for women's voices by Whittaker. This was our second venture in operatic singing and although it required much hard work, we all enjoyed doing it. Judging from the audience's response and the many compliments Miss Blanchard received, it was a complete success.

For the Christmas Concert Miss Blanchard showed further confidence in our work by teaching us some of the Christmas music from Handel's "Messiah". In studying this beautiful music it was very helpful to be able to listen to a complete recording of the oratorio. This was the very generous gift of Electa McMaster when she graduated. Highlights of the balance of the programme were the old time favorites "The Holly and the Ivy" by the Fourth Forms and "God Rest ye Merry Gentlemen" by the Third Forms. The Lower School excelled in a French carol "D'où viens-tu, Bergère".

The entire school entered into the festive spirit and this concert was voted a huge success (and a tribute to Miss Blanchard's able training and direction.)

Much to our chagrin there will be no Spring Concert this year. Instead, as announced recently by Miss Lamont, the School will make a long-playing record as a permanent tribute to the able and painstaking training and direction of our Director of Music, Miss Ruth Blanchard. The Study Old Girls' Association suggested this exciting idea and has made the necessary arrangements with RCA Victor, assuming all financial responsibility. One side of the record will contain well known Study favorites together with excerpts from Purcell's "King Arthur" and Gluck's "Orpheus"—the other side will be the music from our beautiful Church Service. It may be imagined how hard and enthusiastically we are working to make this effort a success and a credit to The Study and our Director.

Once again we thank Miss Corish, our able accompanist, for her excellent help throughout the year.

WENDY TIDMARSH, *Sixth Form.*

A THUNDER STORM

O!, when the sky is dark and grey
And thunder claps high in the clouds,
When lightning finds its crooked path
 What Majesty the sky reveals!
And when I walk in woodland paths
 And feel the raindrops on my cheek—
O! Mighty One, what words are there
 To show the gratitude I feel,
When thunder clouds that end their peal
 Let rays of sunlight, through them, steal ?

JENNIFER CARROLL, *Upper IV.*

THE BONFIRE

This bonfire was the biggest, the hottest and the one that was the most fun of all I have seen. It was during the summer and we were staying at my grandparents' farm for the summer holidays.

My grandfather owns a big farm stretching from a deep, blue river, across a red sand road and through some lovely, shady woods. It was delightful to stand against the woods and gaze down over the fields and past the quiet river, to see the hay waving in the breeze and the trees swaying to and fro. The wind blowing through the firs at night is soft and gentle music to lull me to sleep.

My grand-dad had piled up some branches that had broken off the trees in the ice storm of the past winter. The ice storm was the worst in years and the whole Island had been damaged quite a bit. Some of the trees were leafless and all of them had flat tops.

The weather had to be just right for the fire, for if the wind was blowing the wrong way or the grass too dry, the fire would spread and all the farms in the vicinity would be in danger.

A day came in about the middle of July when the weather was just right, so grandfather put a shovel, a pitchfork and a bundle of straw in the trunk of the car. As grand-dad drove down the lane my brother and I ran behind. We ran so fast my hair was blown back and my feet barely touched the ground. That was such a glorious feeling!

As the car slowed down by the brush, we unloaded the straw and spread it over the branches. Grand-dad lit a piece of paper and threw it in the straw and then poked the wood closer with the pitchfork. Our dog leapt back from the fire with a quizzical look on her face. The flame was biting at every piece of wood it could get its tongue on and the fire was spreading quickly over the branches and getting hotter.

My brother and I ran around the flames looking for sparks that flew out and we stamped on them. We fed the fire little twigs and poked in the branches that had not been burned. As we pushed them in, little sparks flew out and ashes fluttered about. The leaping flames had to be kept down for the firs were brittle and would certainly catch fire if touched. When I encountered the smoke it was like entering a fog and I could hardly breathe. I stumbled out coughing and moved away quickly.

One time our dog ventured too close to the flames and singed her whiskers. She became very docile and went over to the car and jumped in and sat down watching from the safety of the glass in the windshield.

I was perspiring from the heat of the fire and so I stretched myself out under a fir tree and watched the flames playing tag. With the wind blowing through my hair, the crackling of the fire and the view of the reddish-orange flames against the green-blue river and the yellow and green fields, I just lay back and thought of nothing, thoroughly contented.

The fire died away slowly into burning embers and then out, but I am sure I will not forget that bonfire on the Island.

Alexander Hutchison Essay, Junior Prize

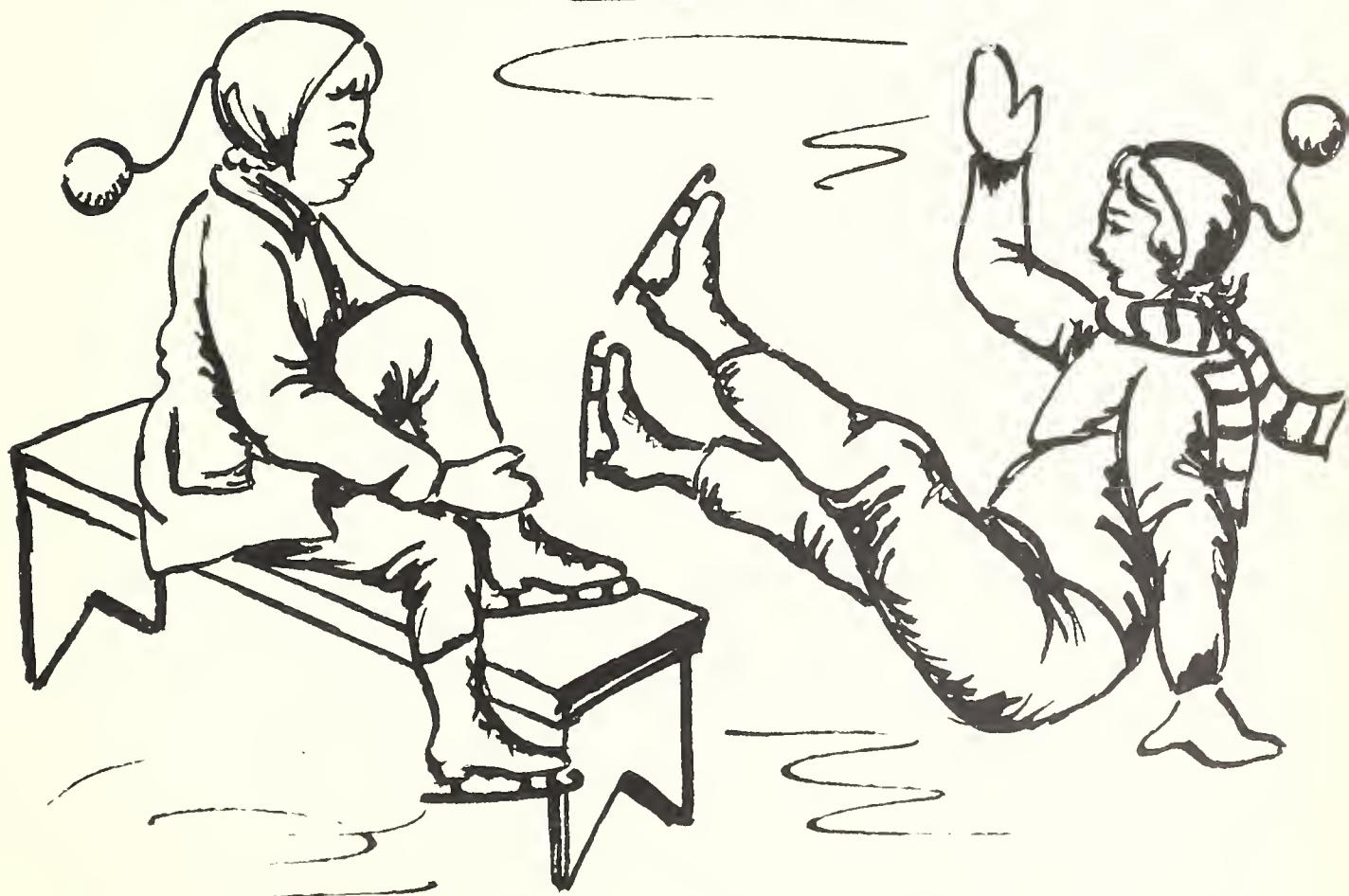
LINDSAY SCOTT, Lower IV.

SEASONS

In spring the trees and shrubs are bare,
In summer leaves of green they wear,
In fall the leaves turn copper-red,
In winter time they go to bed.
In spring the leaves flutter around.
In summer time they touch the ground.

ANDREA WEIR, Lower III.

•SPORTS•





First Team



Second Team

BASKETBALL

This year as usual, we began basketball right off in September. Under Miss Moore's excellent advice and coaching the girls improved immensely. We lost two valuable members in Daphne Wright and Heather MacIntosh. The first team played with great enthusiasm, but was unable to keep the cup. We congratulate Trafalgar on their fine playing.

The second team worked very hard and very often gave the first team a real struggle in practices. It worked hard to beat Trafalgar, who was its closest competitors and did win the second team cup after forcing Trafalgar to a playoff.

The First Team stood as follows:

<i>Shots</i>	<i>Defense</i>
Wilsie Baxter (<i>Captain</i>)	Ann Hale
Mary Darling	Marilyn Maughan
Audrey Hamilton	Susan Sharp
Trafalgar.....	defeat 15- 9
Miss Edgar's.....	victory 12- 9
Trafalgar.....	defeat 13-12
Miss Edgar's.....	defeat 9- 8

The Second Team consisted of:

<i>Shots</i>	<i>Defense</i>
Penny Hugman	Mary Bone
Margaret Lyn Jacques	Jackie Evans (<i>Captain</i>)
Abigail MacInnes	Louise Whitaker

Subs: Janet Montgomery, Prue Heward.

Weston.....	victory 41- 4
Trafalgar.....	victory 16- 9
Miss Edgar's.....	victory 15-11
Trafalgar.....	victory 14-10
Weston.....	victory 16- 9
Miss Edgar's.....	victory 19-10
Playoff: Trafalgar.....	victory 22-11
Exhibition: St. George's.....	victory 22- 5

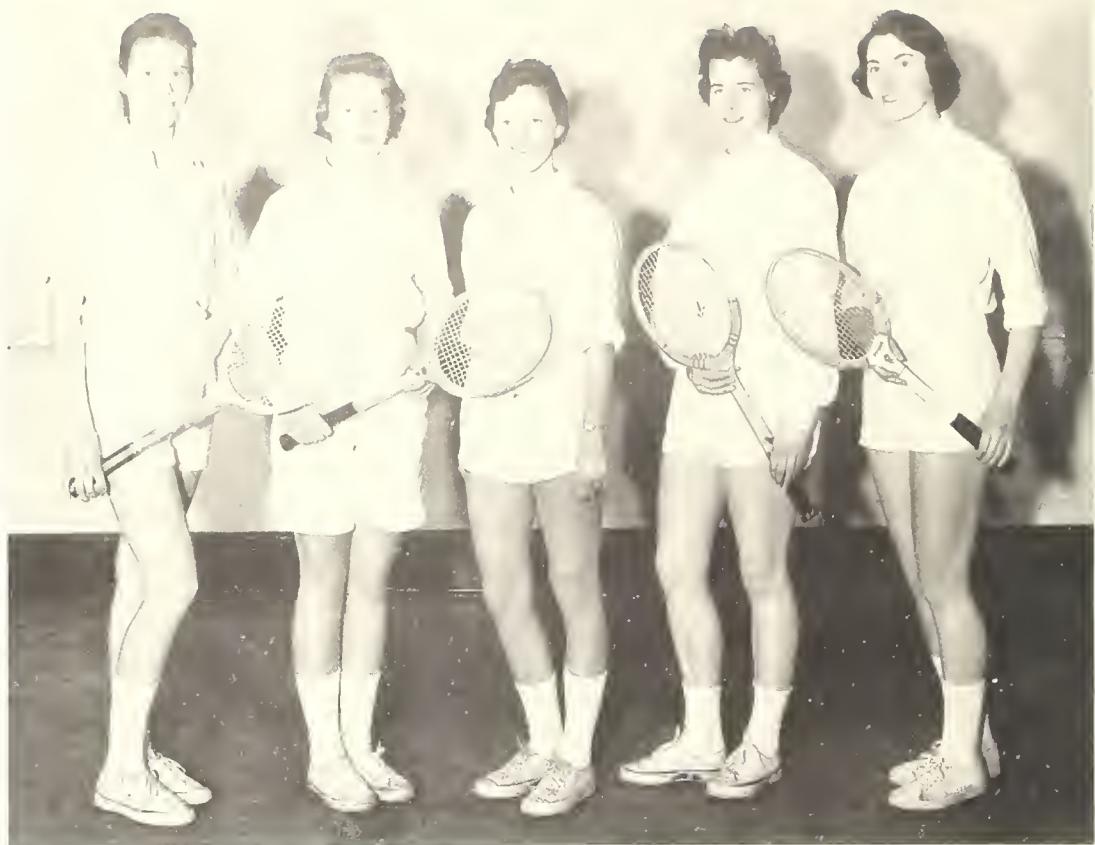
The Third Team also put on a good showing, playing against Weston and winning both games 15-0 and 8-1. They also played an exhibition game against St. George's winning 27-4.

HOUSE BASKETBALL

This year the competition again among the houses was very strong. Mu Gamma won two out of its three games and Kappa Rho also won two to have a playoff. In the playoff match Kappa Rho edged out Mu Gamma by the score of 7-6. It was very close and exciting. Kappa Rho thus gained the twenty-five points needed towards the Sports Cup.

MIDDLE SCHOOL HOUSE BASKETBALL

This year, the Middle School had a tournament all its own. Kappa Rho came first with 16 points, Mu Gamma came second with 15, Delta Beta, third with 14 and Beta Lambda fourth with 8.



TENNIS

This year we have been very lucky again in being able to have Peter Constable to coach our tennis teams. During last Autumn, he helped us considerably to improve our standard of playing.

On an exceptionally cold day in early November we unfortunately were defeated by Miss Edgar's and Trafalgar teams, but the girls made a wonderful attempt and showed great school spirit. On the junior team, which came third was Sarah Thornton and Mary Bone; Christine Bone and Penny Corneil made a hard try on the Senior team to place second.

SKIING

Skiing has become quite an important event to the School. Regular lessons on Tuesday and Thursday, were given by our untiring instructor Chris Gribbon who was very helpful in encouraging and teaching us.

The Penguin Ski Club sponsored our Annual Ski Meet on February 23 at St. Sauveur. Hot cocoa and biscuits were served at their house while we sang songs loudly. We sent in two teams this year and although the second did not place, the members gained valuable experience. The first team did better by placing second, beaten by Ste. Agathe.

First Team

Wilsie Baxter (*Captain*)
Sally Birks
Topsy Doyle
Ann Hale
Diana MacKay
Ann Van Alstyne

Second Team

Felicity Ballantyne
Jackie Evans
Abigail MacInnes
Sherrill Nelson
Angela Richardson
Jennifer Trower (*Captain*)



First Team



Second Team

HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

The teams were extremely close this year, but Mu Gamma came out on top over Delta Beta, Beta Lambda and Kappa Rho.

SWIMMING MEET—1956

Mu Gamma won the meet with 37 points. In the thirds Susan Brainerd won the class race, the face float and placed in the diving. Joan Thornton, Kathleen Dorrian and Kathie Fisher also swam very well. Susan Sharp and Brenda Bridgman shared the honours in the fourths. In the Upper School, Ann Bruce won the class race and style swim and Daphne Wright, the diving and Sixth Form class race. It has not yet been decided when this year's meet will be held, although swimming started before Easter and everyone has been practising hard.

Thus another year passes by in which we have had our share of athletic activities. Before closing, I would like to thank Miss Moore for her wonderful help in not only the Games Club, but in all the Sixth Form activities.

SPORTS DAY—1956

Last year, Sports Day held on May 24 was won by Delta Beta with 116 points. The outstanding competitor in the thirds was Barbara Gurberg who won the standing high jump, the class race, and came second in the running and broad jump. Martha Cassils and Kathleen Dorrian also did very well. Among the fourths were Brenda Bridgman and Susan Sharp, while in the Upper School, Phoebe Redpath, Lyn Geddes and Mary Darling were winners. We are looking forward very much to this year's Sports Day. May the best house win.

GYM DEMONSTRATION—March 11—1957

As I walked into the Y.W.C.A. gymnasium, a Sixth Former handed me a programme. After a vain attempt to settle onto a hard bench, my attention was distracted by Lower Fourth who opened the display with a Finnish Dance called Kynkkaliekakko. This was followed by Csebogar and Jamptpolska ably performed by Upper Fourth. The Thirds executed a series of Swedish exercises leading up to those performed later on by the two top forms. These exercises proved very popular with the audience. In between these, Lower Fifth entertained us with a Swedish and a Hungarian dance. Upper Fifth and the Sixth each danced individually and were then joined by Middle Fifth in a Danish polka. Middle Fifth remained on the floor with two additional dances. Variety was provided by an exhibition of basketball skills by the first, second and third teams followed by a match in which the first team defeated the second team with the score of 8 to 6.

The music was provided by Mrs. Norton at the piano, whose patience and skill plus Miss Moore's excellent coaching, brought the demonstration off with great success.

WILSON BAXTER, *Sixth Form.*

SOME ARE BORN GREAT

The Julius Caesar in William Shakespeare's play once said, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," and today I would like to talk about some of those people. But first of all, what exactly did Caesar mean by "great"? The Oxford Dictionary describes greatness as "remarkable ability or genius; intellectual or practical qualities; loftiness or integrity of character," but I do not think this quite sums up the meaning of the word. To be great, a man must have courage that will enable him, no matter what the cost, to live up to his ideals, which he should believe to be right, and for the good of others. In times of adversity and defeat he must have faith in these ideals; in moments of victory he must have humility. He must have wisdom and integrity, so that he is able to judge both himself and others fairly.

There is a difference between being great and having great talent. There have been many great authors, artists, musicians, scientists and generals, but most of these men—and women—have only one or two outstanding characteristics, rather than all the necessary attributes of a great person.

Julius Caesar felt himself to be among the first group—that is, he felt that he was born great. Indeed, he came from a prominent Roman family which claimed that they could trace their ancestry back to Aeneas, the legendary Trojan founder of Rome, but Caesar worked hard to earn his claim to fame as an exceptional general and statesman, and though he often resorted to not altogether scrupulous methods, more of his greatness came by his own achievements than by his birthright.

Socrates, perhaps, was born great, although in a different sense of the word, for his greatness lay not in physical or personal power, but in his insatiable and probing mind, which relentlessly explored the ideas of his time, and laid down teaching patterns that are still widely recognized today.

It can be claimed that Florence Nightingale owed some of her spectacular success in the field of nursing to her position as the daughter of a wealthy, respected British family, but actually that was one of the obstacles that she had to overcome. Despite her relations' strong objections, Florence gave up her entire life to fight for women's rights, and to better the appalling medical conditions of her time.

Certainly Charles Dickens was not born to greatness—at the age of twelve he was working in a boot-blacking factory, trying to feed his family, and raise enough money to get father out of a debtor's prison. A few years later, he became a junior clerk in a lawyer's office, but becoming dissatisfied with this, he switched to covering political meetings for the news. He also wrote newspaper serials, but soon his works were so widely read that he was able to publish books. He wrote with a sense of humor, but his real motive was to attack the oppression which he saw all about him, and he did this so cleverly, and with such a dramatic flair, that he ranks as a great contributor to our literature of today.

As more recent examples of greatness we have Albert Schweitzer and Winston Churchill; the former a philosopher who gave up a brilliant and profitable career as a scientist, and went as a medical-missionary to the natives of Africa, where he gave himself up entirely to his work, and accomplished tasks that would have completely defeated another man;—the latter perhaps the most brilliant statesman and politician of our time, who, with his exceptional command of the English language, indomitable will, and keen enthusiasm, was at the same time a man of such personal integrity that all those who worked with him admired and respected him.

But all these, and many, many more, achieved their greatness. Who had it thrust upon him? I think one of the most vivid examples is the late King George VI. All his life he had looked forward to the comparatively private and peaceful life of a

duke, but when his elder brother abdicated the throne of England to marry a divorced woman, the shy and quiet George did his duty, and became head of the British Commonwealth. Undoubtedly this was not the role he would have chosen for himself and his family, but even though he was not a particularly strong man, he devoted himself to his job, quietly and simply. During World War II, he and his wife conducted themselves with such calm courage and assurance, staying in London in the blitz, and using their ration cards as did the man in the street, that when he died a few years ago, it was a great blow to all his subjects.

There are many great people whose names will never be known—unsung battle heroes; martyrs who have died for their country or beliefs, such as the Norwegian school-teachers who went off to concentration camp, rather than instill the hated Nazi doctrine in their young pupils; men who have rescued comrades from danger; and the great people of every-day life—people who take the bus every morning to the office, and people who pack the children off to school—people who are born great or achieve greatness in their own right, and who, if they had greatness thrust upon them, certainly would go down in history.

ANNE HALE, *Upper V.*



A SYMBOL

A pine tree stands alone, on a mountain side,
Weathered and old.
His branches gnarled and twisted with his age,
His needles tipped with gold.

In the sun of early spring, which warms the ground,
He stands, wind-blown,
Forsaken by his weaker kinfolk now,
He stands erect, alone.

The winter wind has blown for many a year,
Since he was born.
To form a final crest for that tall crag,
To live through many a storm.

His life has seen the seasons pass him by,
And through a length
Of countless years of wind and sun, he stands
To prove God's strength.

SALLY PORTEOUS, *Lower V.*

TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH

One cold sunny day in winter, I and my family, the six of us, set off for the Laurentians. We were packed full with the family and our two Pekinese, stuffed to the roof with all the paraphernalia that a winter week-end seems to need, and of course all the skis on the roof and toboggans and sleds sticking out of the boot.

About half-way there, Mummy who had the map on her lap, suddenly decided she could see a short cut that would get us to our cottage in much less time; so away we went off the main highway and down through a small village and onto a road that twisted and turned, first in the woods, and then beside a lake. Some of the houses and cottages were occupied but the farther we went the more boarded up and deserted houses we saw. Finally there was just the lake, the trees and the road. Mummy slowly became worried about her "short cut", but Daddy still felt optimistic that we were on a good road, saying that a plow had gone along the road only recently and therefore it must lead somewhere. Then suddenly on the only part where it was possible to pass, we met the plow going back the way we had just come.

On and on we went, up hills, down hills, skidding, sliding and becoming steadily more convinced we would never come to the end. By now, even Daddy was looking worried and wanted to turn around, but nowhere was that possible. Down a very steep hill we slid, and there blocking the way was another car! We slid to a stop and we all tumbled on top of each other. Mummy ran over to the car and after walking all around it, said that she did not think it had had anyone in it since before the snow had come.

We all looked at one another and started making rather wild suggestions to get ourselves out of our position and Daddy was the most priceless of all, running his fingers through his hair, biting his thumb and trotting all over the place. He was VERY worked up.

First we got out of the way, and Daddy got in the car. The engine roared, the dogs got loose, the wheels spun, we shrieked at the dogs and Daddy got out of the car. My brother, Lawrence, was to hold the dogs, my sister and I were to find something to put under the wheels, my mother was to push, and my younger brother was to sit in the back of the car. Then Daddy got in the car again, and the engine roared, the wheels spun, Mummy pushed, the dogs got loose and we shrieked and got out of the car again.

This time the dogs would go back in the car, we decided, and we were to hold an old mat we had found in the boot of the other car beside the skidding wheel. But this too was not a success because not only did the mat not hold at all, but it shot straight up into Mummy's face and she was furious.

Then we discovered a wood pile under the snow and thought that the sawdust would help. Daddy did not think so but we decided to try it anyway. The fact that we only had two plastic cups to carry it fifty yards was rather a drawback, but we kept on running back and forth with our cups of sawdust. Daddy by now was trying to dig out the snow packed around the wheel at the back, and Mummy was alternately trying to stop the dogs from getting out of the car, and telling my younger brother to be quiet, and the older one to "DO" something and pull a piece of wood from under the front wheel.

Suddenly, up the hill, behind the abandoned car, appeared a man and a large farmhorse. He was immediately surrounded by us all, telling him how pleased we were to see him and each giving him different instructions for helping us to solve our problem! He just grinned at us, and then Daddy realized he was French and had no idea what we were saying.

Half an hour later with the help of the man and especially his horse, we were turned around and headed back the long way we had come on our "short cut" and then we started laughing at ourselves, recalling how we must have looked, running here and there and everywhere—"Too many cooks spoil the broth" should be the family motto!

GABRIELLE MOQUETTE, Lower IV.



The Sixth Form



Lower IV play



"Les Canadiennes"



Lower V in Ottawa



Lower V in Ottawa



Upper V

SCHOOL CHARITIES 1955-57

This year, once again, the bazaar was the first charitable undertaking of the Sixth Form, as it has been for the last fifteen years. After much investigation into needy organizations at home and abroad, it took only one formal meeting with the Staff to decide upon the charities to which the proceeds would go: the "United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund" and the "Cleft Palate Rehabilitation Clinic" (Dr. Baxter's Clinic). Once informed of our choice, the school became interested and these sparks of interest were fanned to flames when, with the help of Colonel L'Anglais and Dr. Baxter we obtained movies and slides relating to these charities. As a result of the hard work and long hours put in by many girls from Lower B right up to the Sixth, we amazingly enough managed to raise \$1669.33. This was so much more than we had expected that at an emergency meeting we decided \$230.00 of our bazaar money should be sent to the Hungarians who had failed tragically but bravely in their bid for freedom. Our final calculations at the end of Christmas term showed:

UNICEF—\$739.33

Hungarian Relief Fund—\$230.00

Dr. Baxter's Clinic—\$700.00

The Wednesday collection was, during the first term of the year, devoted entirely to paying for the Patricia Drummond Memorial Cot which has been maintained by The Study girls in the Montreal Children's Hospital for 26 years.

Newspapers, radio and television all worked together successfully over our Christmas holidays, to convince every girl in the Sixth Form that more money would have to be raised within the school, for Hungarian refugees. As the charity bank account, in the hands of treasurers, Diana MacKay and Wendy Tidmarsh, was sufficiently well stocked to ensure our monthly payments for the Patricia Drummond Cot, the Sixth Form decided to hold our weekly Wednesday collections in aid of the Hungarian Relief Society. This idea met with whole-hearted approval throughout the entire school, and we are pleased to have been able to help further the Hungarian cause.

The Junior School, as well as taking part in the weekly collection and the bazaar have their own charitable undertaking. This is at Thanksgiving when they hold a service to present their offerings of vegetables, fruit and candy to the children in an orphanage, Summerhill House, situated across Cote-des-Neiges road from the school.

One of our many traditional Study customs is the packing of Christmas "Baskets" for which food, clothing and presents are collected on the last few days of the Christmas term. Each form has one or two families to whom it sends all that is needed to make Christmas, for a poor and in some cases a crippled child, a happy and festive occasion.

The collection for the Red Feather Campaign was very successful and particularly so, as we were able to have a speaker from the University Settlement come to the school. The Red Cross received a cheque from The Study as usual this year, this money being drawn from the charity bank account.

The 1955-56 Sixth Form, through "The Canadian Save The Children Fund", sponsored a little Italian girl, Teresa Picozzi, for a year. We, the present Sixth, came to know her well through her letters and decided at the beginning of the Christmas term to sponsor her for an additional year.

As this year's Chronicle goes to press, I think the Staff will detect a gleam in the eyes of all the Sixth Formers towards helping the Neurological Hospital with some of the things it badly needs to amuse young post-operative cases within its walls. What better thing could we, The Study girls, do, to end off a thoroughly successful year charity-wise.

JILL JENKINS, *Sixth Form.*

Lower School

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

Once upon a time there lived a Queen. She had a little Princess. One day when everyone was sleeping, the little Princess ran away down into the woods.

She walked and she walked, then she fell down asleep. Everyone in the Palace woke up, and the Princess had gone away.

A Prince came by the Princess. He picked up the Princess in his arms and took her home and warmed her up. The Queen sent a messenger out to find the Princess. He travelled and travelled until he came to a little hut. He knocked, and the Prince answered the door. The messenger said, "Have you seen a little Princess?" The Prince said "Yes," and said, "I have her here." The messenger took her home, and she lived happily ever after.

JILL RANKIN, *Upper B*—Age 7.

TIGER TIM

I have a little cat.
I wonder what she's at!
She tries to climb the wall,
But if she did she'd fall.
She climbs upon the chair,
And goes to sleep there.

JENNIFER FORBES, *Upper B*—Age 7.

THE TWO ELVES

Two little elves can fly up high
So high they go up to the sky.
They tumble, they bounce, oh my!
I wish it were I.

ELIZABETH DANN, *Lower A*—Age 7½.

THE HORSE AND THE ZEBRA

Once upon a time there was a zebra and a horse who lived in adjoining houses. They were both very unhappy, for each was jealous of the other. The horse thought that she would look beautiful if she had the stripes of the zebra. The zebra thought that all would admire her if she had the sleek hair of the horse.

One day after talking it over, they decided to change skins. After they had changed, the horse went off to visit her family. When her family saw the stripes, they thought it was paint, and tried to scrub it off with soap and water. When the zebra visited her family, they thought she was a horse, and kicked her out of the house.

When they both reached home again, they quickly changed into their own skins, and now they are never jealous of each other anymore.

PENNY DOLMAN, *Upper A*—Age 9.

MR. SIMS

Mr. Sims was a store man who sold panatans, which were pancakes and blue-berry tart mixed. One day he cut a panatan open, and out walked a caterpillar. The caterpillar was in a rush, so the man followed. Suddenly the caterpillar turned around and said, "Do you want to come to Caterpillar-Land?" "Yes!" So the caterpillar said, "Do," the magic word, which made the man grow smaller. The man found himself on one of his shelves where he kept his blue-berries. The Caterpillar disappeared behind the blue-berries. Mr. Sims followed. Next he saw hundreds of Caterpillars, who were all living in panatans. "Oh dear!" thought Mr. Sims. "Panatans! I wonder how many caterpillars I have eaten," and he began to feel very sick. He began to feel sicker. Then he heard a voice saying, "Mr. Sims." Mr. Sims opened his eyes to find a customer staring at him. He had fallen asleep, and what a dream he'd had. He did not think he would ever eat another panatan.

MARGARET MARTIN, *Upper A*—Age 9.

ANIMALS

The Elephant from India comes,
He's very big but can't do sums.
The Monkey has a curly tail,
He's very quick—not like the whale
Who swims around the water deep
And shuts his eyes to go to sleep.
The Zebra's stripes are black and white,
He is a very pretty sight.
That's all the animals I know
That live around the Cocomoe.

MARY PAT STEPHENS, *Upper A*—Age 8.

NONSENSE STORY

Once upon a time there lived a frog that chirped. He also had a pair of wings. He tried and tried to croak. But all that came out of his mouth was "Chirp chirp." "Oh dear! Oh dear!" he thought to himself, "What shall I do?" and he started to cry. He cried and cried until he was sitting in a damp spot. Just as he was about to go, a bad wizard came by. He was the queerest thing anybody had ever seen. He had a duck's bill and a pig's nose. He had one eye in the middle of his head. "I am a wizard," he said. "Oh sir, could you possibly make me like a real frog? I would be much obliged." "Heh! heh!" thought the wizard. But aloud he said, "I will do my best. This is a bottle of magic you must drink tonight. It will make you better." "Oh! thank you, thank you", said the frog, and he flew away.

That night he drank the magic. Next morning when he looked in the mirror, he saw to his horror a trunk which had grown in place of his nose, spots on his skin, whiskers, large ears and a mane. Whe he opened his mouth, a loud roar escaped from it. Frightened, he ran away, and had a breakfast of sea-weed. When the frog came back, his spots, mane, ears, whiskers and trunk had all disappeared. When he opened his mouth, an ordinary croak escaped from it. He never, never knew why his queerness disappeared so quickly. I think it was a mermaid who saw how sad he was, and changed him into a frog.

What do you think?

JILL GARDINER, *Upper A*—Age 8.

SOMERSAULT

In the soft white clover,
I stand upon my head
And everything is upside down,
Just like a topsy-turvy town.

Then I stand upon my feet,
Feeling big and very tall,
And all the roofs are holding up
Their chimneys after all.

ANNE STIKEMAN, *Upper A*—Age 9½.

THE PRINCESS AND THE WITCH

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Princess. Her father, the king, thought it was time for her to get married. When the Princess heard that, she asked a boon. She asked if she could go out into the world and seek her own husband and this was granted. So she got on her horse with the blue saddle and galloped away. As she was passing through a wood, everything went dark and the sky shone with a ghostly light. Suddenly she saw an old witch stirring a cauldron of magic liquid. The Princess was lost, so she went to ask her the way. The witch seemed aware of this for she said in a cackling voice, "Yes! my pretty one. I know the way out of the wood, but stay here for the night and I will show you the way in the morning." But as midnight began, a line of horsemen came through the wood led by three Princes. As it was so comfortable the Princess said she would stay another night. As she was walking through the wood she saw a fly caught in a web, so she broke the web and set the fly free. "Thank you," said the fly. "Now I will do anything you wish." "Then please do this," said the Princess, and she told how she had seen the Prince. "I know," said the fly. "They are in the power of the witch." "I", said the Princess, "want one for my husband but I don't know which one." "Then," said the fly, "I will find your husband." When midnight came again, the Princess met the fly in the wood and as the Princes passed, the fly went and nestled in the hair of the first Prince, but he brushed him away. The second did the same but the third left him alone. The fly came back breathlessly. "Now all you have to do is wait till next midnight and seize the Prince and no matter what shape it turns to, when it turns into a burning coal, throw it into the well." Next night the Princess came through again and as the third Prince passed, she seized him and held on fast. Suddenly he turned into a burning block of iron, then a sheep, and then a burning coal. She, with all her might, threw it into the well. Then in front of her stood the third Prince. They hurried to the place where the witch had been, and there stood nothing but the Princess's horse and a huge eagle. So they both got on the horse and galloped away to the castle to get married. And what became of the fly I don't know.

DEBBIE MILLER, *Upper A*—Age 9.

THE HOUSE

I have a little house
With a pretty green door
And in it lives a mouse
In a hole in the floor.

It has a red fireplace
Which always holds a blaze
The smoke goes up the chimney
And meets the sun's bright rays.

NORA HAGUE, *Upper A*—Age 10.



ROLL CALL

UPPER A

Judy Bonnar
Cecil Bryant
Jocelyn Colby
Penny Dolman
Susan Fisher
Eleanor Francis

Jill Gardiner
Nora Hague
Xenia Kirkpatrick
Anne L'Anglais
Gay Lerew
Lynn Markham

Margaret Martin
Deborah Miller
Andrea Newman
Wendy Rankin
Mary Pat Stephens
Ann Stikeman
Elizabeth Stikeman

LOWER A

Peggy Bates
Sally Baxter
Gaby Blanke

Elizabeth Dann
Susan Galt
Judy Hollander

Gail Russel
Claudia Southam
Gail Victor
Ricci Zinman

UPPER B

Susan Clapham
Judy Fisher
Jennifer Forbes

Cindy Morton
Pamela Owens
Judy Rankin

Nancy Savage
Betty Sazie
Hinda Schreiber

LOWER B

Vanessa Barnes
Lindsay Bell
Jennifer Colby
Joy Dietrich
Barbara Francis

Dagmar Gray
Ellen Horner
Kathy Kanter
Lynda Kaplan
Robin Knight

Wendy Kyles
Sara Larratt-Smith
Peggy Read
Christie Riddell
Caroline Stephens
Vicki Weir

DAY-DREAMS

There are times and places for day-dreaming, but it is always the wrong ones that are picked for such. A day-dream can transport one from a bare classroom to a beautiful palace in a far-off land. The other pupils cease to be studious girls in unglamourous tunics and become dutiful court ladies waiting on the queen who seems to bear a resemblance to the teacher, although one would hate to admit it. The poetry which we are trying to read and understand seems to be soft music piped continuously through the royal chambers. The noises of busses and cars and the shouts of small children can become the marching of troops and drilling of cavalry to the sharp commands of the leader in the court-yard below.

A blackboard seems to be a very ugly drapery for such a wonderful room but of course that is no board—it is a luxurious deep purple curtain hanging over a picture. When one does not look carefully at the portrait, it might seem very much like Shakespeare but it could be great-aunt Cecily who did have a rather long nose.

A sharp word from the queen and a nudge from a worried attendant can sharply bring one back to reality, but what a pleasant way to grasp the English!

JANET MONTGOMERY, *Upper V.*

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BUSHY-TAIL, THE SQUIRREL

Bushy-tail got up, yawned, stretched, and peeped out of his little hole in the big oak tree. He was well-known and liked by all the little animals, and birds, except Red Squirrel and the other big wild animals who loved to eat little squirrels like Bushy. (I'll call him "Bushy" for short).

Bushy started down the big oak to get some food. It was a beautiful spring day. The birds were singing and the little flowers were starting to shed their brown coats and to pop open. Even Bushy's little friend, Blackie, the black squirrel, who was not very common in those parts, was waiting for him underneath the oak. "Hello!" Bushy said, "I haven't seen you for a long time. Where were you?"

"Oh hello, Bushy! I was back in my old Kentucky homeland, and you know that's a long way off. It's about one hundred miles from here to Kentucky".

"Oh, I see," said Bushy, "Come on and we'll go and find some nuts. But I'm warning you; watch out for enemies like Red Squirrel and Grey Wolf and all the others".

So off they went to the old beech tree to get some beech nuts. Then they played games with some of the other friendly squirrels, like tag, hide and go-seek, races and squirrel-in-the-tree, which is like Pussy-in-the-corner, only in trees.

Suddenly Bushy, who was in a tree getting some more nuts, while all the others were playing tag on the ground, thought he heard footsteps and some leaves rustling. He looked towards the place where the sounds were coming from and saw some gray fur in the bushes.

Immediately he shouted at the top of his voice, "Danger!" and all the squirrels stopped playing tag and rushed up the trees. Blackie just got up in time, when out rushed old Grey Wolf. He waited there for a long while hoping one of them would venture down its tree. But he waited until four o'clock, and finally gave up and went away.

"Yikes! that was a narrow escape", said Bushy, "Blackie are you all right?"

"Yes!" said Blackie, "But I think I'll soon be running off to my old Kentucky homeland, if this is going to happen all the time."

"Oh, please stay for a while. You can sleep in my house", said Bushy.

"All right then, I'll stay. But just for a month."

"Oh Boy!" said Bushy, "A whole month!"

So he went on playing with Blackie, and old Gray Wolf didn't come again that day. They were visited by Red Squirrel once. But he was easily scared off as there were still five squirrels against him. Most of them had gone home but some stayed.

Bushy and Blackie both had another meal, and then went to Bushy's tree, the oak. They both slept soundly all night, and Bushy, with the thought of Blackie staying for a whole month, fell asleep happily.

ELEANOR FLEET, *Lower III.*

MORNING STORM

All was very still as I walked along the shore. The sky was just beginning to brighten with the first rays of morning. I could hear only the shrill cries of gulls, as they plunged into the bay in search of tasty minnows. Further down the beach I could see fishermen readying for the day ahead, some mending nets, some beginning to push their sturdy craft off the beach. This was the scene that greeted me as I came down to the bay to watch the morning sunrise.

Gazing to the East, however, I was not welcomed by any sleek clouds silvered by the sun's early morning beams, but by a sky that was greying very quickly. A good stiff breeze came rippling across the water. I wrapped my trench coat around me as I saw the white caps being to form and the sky grow continually darker. I looked frantically about in search of a shelter. There was a small wooden hut only a few yards away. I hurried inside just as the first jagged streak of lightning plunged into the water.

Looking through the broken window, I could watch the wind stir up the now very grey water and push the threatening clouds nearer and nearer. The seagulls' shrill cries were hushed and all other activity was at a momentary lull. Then it became violent and striking with claps of thunder, wind and driving rain. From my crude shelter I could see it all. Small boats were tossing at their moorings, buoys were being bounced about in the choppy sea. My eyes followed one lone gull, soaring and trying to ride out the storm. The poor thing was being blown hither and thither by the rain and wind. Then, as quickly as it had come, the storm subsided, dying down to a gentle breeze, the sun's rays shone through the broken clouds and I stepped from the hut only to hear the familiar seagulls and watch the normal activity along the shoreline. The daily routine would go on as usual, the storm forgotten—but as for me I shall always remember that "Morning Storm".

SUSAN BRAINERD, *Upper III.*

LUNCH HOUR AT SCHOOL

Lunch hour at school is a noisy affair,
And silence at all is extremely rare,
At one o'clock when the girls are dismissed,
The older ones make a soup and milk list.

At last the hub-bub dies down a mite,
And the girls that are staying sit down for a bite,
At first they are all too busy to play,
For eating's a matter done right away.

The first one finished begins the fun,
Like snatching a cookie or taking a bun,
Some girls who are afraid of committing a sin,
Just sit and watch without joining in.

If I was the prefect I would be scared,
For the funniest things happen when unprepared.
I am certain that she is very relieved,
When her job as prefect has been achieved.

GAIL CORNEIL, *Lower IV.*

SILVER

The silver moon,
The silver stars,
The silver tree and flower.

The silver grass,
The silver sky,
The silver of each hour.

The silver fox,
The silver dove and
The silver stream.

The silver spoon,
The silver snow,
The silver of a dream.

SHEILA BELL, *Upper III.*

THE UPPER V CURRENT EVENTS CLASS

Early this fall, some of the members of Upper V expressed a desire to form a Current Events group, and Miss Lamont kindly offered us an hour of her time on Friday afternoon. Shortly after we started meeting, the Suez situation flared up, and provided material for many discussions that were, I'm sure, just as heated as those in the U.N. For weeks, we cleared the canal, anxiously watched the ships going through it, thoroughly disapproved of everybody's actions, and cheered on the Poles and the Hungarians. However, when at last much of the excitement had died down, our topics became more varied, and if, for instance, we started one day with the Israelis, we switched with little difficulty to religion and philosophy. Indeed, we have discussed almost everything from H-bombs to a new school, and in doing so have had a most enjoyable time, thanks to Miss Lamont, who has tactfully led us through it all.

ANNE HALE, *Upper V.*

TWO IMPRESSIONS OF THE LOWER V TRIP TO OTTAWA

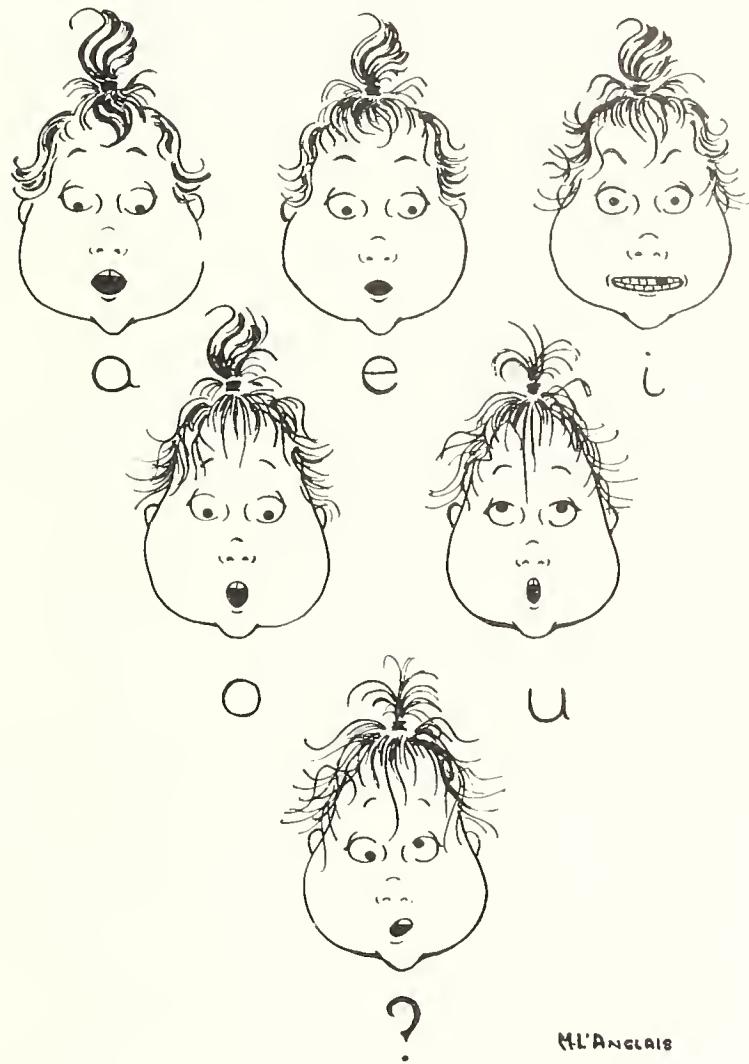
I found our trip to the Rideau House most interesting. We went there by taxi immediately after our discussion with Mr. Marler. There, Mr. MacMillan took us through the most impressive dwelling of our Governor General. It was a huge place, and seemed to have miles of grounds around it. The property was enclosed by an eight foot high fence. Besides the magnificent portraits and huge rooms, there was a green-house attached to the wing of the building. Mr. MacMillan told us that every day new flowers were brought in from the green-house to decorate the ballroom and parlors. There was a huge room called the tent room, where banquets are held, and where sports can take place. Also there was the large living-room which was decorated with Chinese ornaments and furniture. The building was guarded by several mounties, by whom we were all impressed. We all had our pictures taken with a mountie, which every one considered the greatest thrill of our journey. The guide also pointed out a couple of trees outside the buildings which were planted by authorities from all over the world. One was planted by a delegate from Ethiopia. We spent about half-an-hour going through this building and then returned by taxi to the Chateau Laurier for lunch.

JACKIE EVANS, *Lower V.*

Yesterday, on my trip to Ottawa, there were many things that impressed me, but I really think the most thrilling experience was going up into the Peace Tower. We rode up in two stuffy, rickety old elevators, and arrived in the tower room, passing the huge bells on the way. Then I went out onto a small balcony underneath the clock, and there was Ottawa, our capital, stretched out before my eyes, a thrilling panorama. I saw the river, Parliament buildings, the shopping and residential areas, in fact everything. It was very difficult to take any pictures because the rail was so high, but I did manage to get two. Then we stepped into the old elevator, and began our descent, just as the lovely old bells were chiming three o'clock. As long as I live I don't think that I will ever forget my visit to the Peace Tower.

DIANA McLERNON, *Lower V.*

-La Phonétique Française-



THE FIESTA OF SOLLER

Three years ago, when we were living in Spain, my mother took me to see the Fiesta of Soller. This is a mock battle between people dressed as Moors and Christians to remind people of a real battle which was fought 300 years before in that same place by real Moors and real Christians. The port of Soller is on a roundish bay with narrow opening at the mouth. Every year towards the end of April this battle is refought here.

After having had lunch at a restaurant near the beach, we walked down to the beach and watched the battle begin.

The Moors came in at the mouth of the harbour in long, quite low boats. There was a group of Christians near the mouth, to which they went first, but the Christians beat them off. They came towards us, and jumped onto the beach, shouting. The Christians went into the water and fought hand to hand battles in the water.

The Christians wore the old Mallonquin costumes, short dark jackets breeches, hats and sashes. The Moors wore turbans and sashes with swords and real guns with blank cartridges in them.

The battle went on for awhile, with the shouting and the noise of the guns making a deafening roar until the Christians won and led the Moors away captive.

Later there was a torchlight procession, with the Moors being led in chains, from the port up the road to the old city of Soller.

BARBARA WHITE, *Upper III.*

THE STUDY COMMANDMENTS (with apologies to Moses)

1. There is but one school, "The Study" and thou shalt love none other school but it.
2. Thou shalt not adorn thyself with unsuitable ornaments excepting timepieces.
3. Thou shalt remember to place thy sash of many colours round thy neck, and the badge upon thy chest.
4. Thou shalt not arrive too early nor yet too late for the daily performances of thy tasks.
5. Thou shalt honour thy school throughout all thy days and attend all the games.
6. Thou shalt not act unseemingly in prayers, nor shall thy mouth utter unneeded words.
7. Thou shalt not rob thy fellow-sufferers of their shoes, etc.
8. Thou shalt not forget to surrender thy home lessons for transportation to respective mistresses, on arrival at School.
9. Thou shalt not annoy thy mistresses by whispering and wavering over a response at the end of the room.
10. Thou shalt be quiet as it is meet for a young female; thou shalt respect the prefects without annoying them, as they are young and tender in that position.

(Reprinted from 1938)

THE MAN IN THE MOON

I would like to meet the Man in the Moon.

I always wonder what is happening up in the Moon when I look up at it at night. I wonder what the Moon's family looks like, whether they are tall, short, middlesized or whether they look like us down on earth. I also wonder what they live on. I have always thought they would eat green cheese, for I have often heard people say that the moon is made out of green cheese. Also, do you know what kind of tasks the Man in the Moon has to do? Well then, I will tell you. When it is dusk, he has to go around and light all the candles on the moon. Then, when dawn breaks, he blows every single one of them out. That is only my opinion, but how else would the moon shine so brightly at night if that were not so?

Sometimes in the evening, when I open my window, and look up at the moon, the Man in the Moon seems to smile at me. So then I feel that he is pleased and has had a happy day away up there above the world, where he watches everything that is happening on the earth beneath him. Some nights when I look up at the moon, I find that the Man is not there at all and the moon is very dull. In fact, it can hardly be seen at all, but that is when I feel that I must have done something naughty, but I think he mostly smiles at me because he just does not like to wear a frown. Do you not think so too?

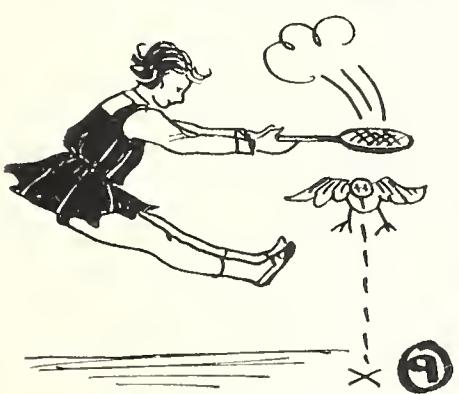
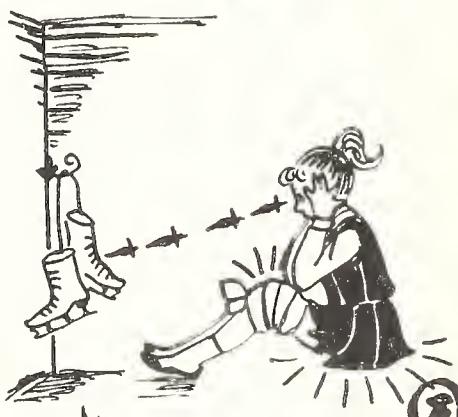
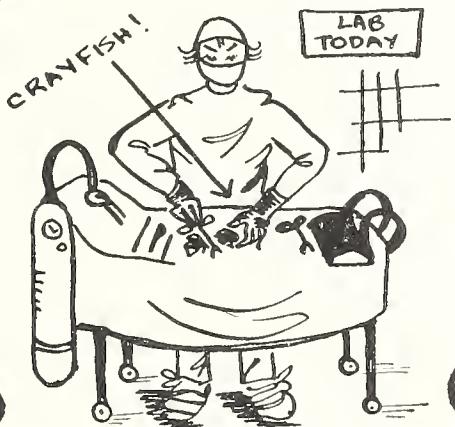
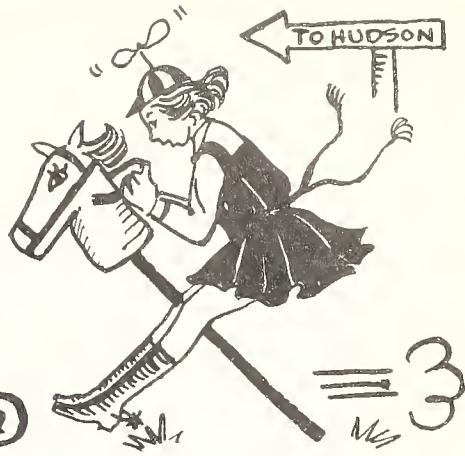
PRUE HUGMAN, *Lower III.*

THE STUDY

T is for Trillium, the emblem of School,
H is for Houses, where we shy from a rule,
E, Education, the reason we're here,
S for The Study, we all hold it dear,
T is for Training, Teachers, Tuition,
U is for Ultimate, our School's position,
D is for D's, which the girls all detest,
Y is for Youth, the years at their best.

NANCY MCENTYRE, *Upper III.*

GUESS YOUR SIXTH FORMER



M.L'ANGLAIS



Upper V Current Events Class



Miss Marshall



Miss Currie



Dissection



Miss Dickie

THE OLD HORSE

There was an old horse
So tired and grey;
He stood in his stable
And munched his hay.

On nice sunny days
He stood under a tree,
And dreamt of the life
That used to be.

Of when he was young
In a circus act;
And lovely ladies
Stood on his back.

And people shouted
As round he went,
With his head held high
In the circus tent.

But now he is old,
And glad to stay
Under the trees
On a sunny day.

SUSAN BAXTER, *Upper III.*

ANSWERS TO CARTOON QUIZ

(1) Wilsie Baxter.	(8) Joan de Pass.
(2) Wendy Stevenson.	(9) Priscilla Kuhner.
(3) Lynda Melling.	(10) Marguerite L'Anglais.
(4) Wendy Tidmarsh.	(11) Ann Van Alstyne.
(5) Audrey Hamilton.	(12) Lesley Gray
(6) Joyce McEwen.	(13) Louise Whitaker.
(7) Jill Jenkins.	(14) Diana MacKay.

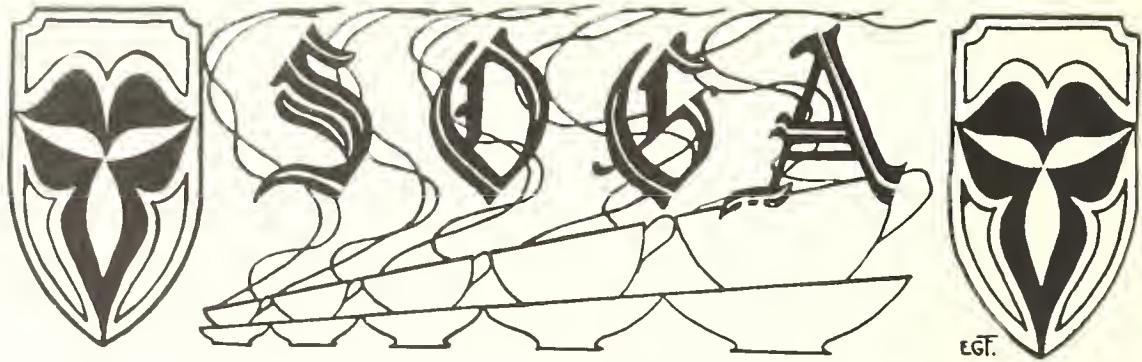
THE SEA

The sea has lovely rolling waves
That splash upon the shore,
When the tide goes down at night
The beach shines white once more.

The waves are capped with foaming white,
As down the shore they race,
They chase each other line on line,
And form an edge of lace.

The sea is often calm at night,
And on it shines the moon,
It makes a narrow path of light
Which disappears so soon.

MARY MACKAY, *Upper III.*



EGT.

1956-57

EXECUTIVE

President: Mrs. Brian McGreevy, 1522 Summerhill Avenue, Montreal.

Vice-President: Mrs. J. M. Cape, Saraguay, P.Q.

Secretary: Mrs. H. Larratt Smith, 3955 Ramezay Road, Montreal.

Treasurer: Mrs. Victor Hugman, 22 Arlington Avenue, Westmount.

COMMITTEE

Mrs. Joanna Farrell, 4080 Highland Avenue, Montreal.

Mrs. Peter Kerrigan, 38 Anwoth Road, Westmount.

Miss Diana Harrison, 579 Grosvenor Avenue, Westmount.

Miss Joan Bronson, 3135 Cedar Avenue, Montreal.

Miss Janet Savage, 657 Murray Hill, Westmount.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

During 1956-57 the S.O.G.A. has continued to take an increasing interest in the welfare of the School. Efforts have been renewed to build up the active membership of the Association by contacting all known former members of the School. The Executive and Committee of the S.O.G.A. held eight regular meetings during the year affording periodic opportunities for a review and discussion of the Association's plans and policies.

In pursuance of the S.O.G.A.'s interest in helping to establish retirement pensions for certain members of the School staff, the Turnabout Shop has operated successfully for a second year and is in the process of moving to larger and more suitable quarters. A full report on the Shop's activities appears on another page.

Arrangements have been completed for a recording to be made of the choral music of the closing church service held at Christ Church Cathedral and also of songs sung at the various School concerts from time to time by the Upper, Middle and Lower Schools. This record is expected to be available for sale at a price of \$3.00 by September and will be obtainable from the School or by contacting any member of the S.O.G.A. executive.

A donation of \$100.00 was given to the School library in completion of the S.O.G.A.'s promise to give \$100.00 a year for three years.

In closing I wish to thank all the members of my executive and the Committee of the S.O.G.A. for their interest and hard work during the past year.

JOYCE McGREEVY.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS

The school proudly offers congratulations to the university graduates of 1957. Faith Heward has gained her degree magna cum laude and ranked third at Radcliffe College and eighth in Harvard University. At McGill University, Ann Powell has won first class honours in English and the Shakespeare Gold Medal, Joyce Blond first class honours in psychology, Judith Dobell second class honours in philosophy and Ann Peacock second class honours in English and the Mary Keenan Scholarship. In the general course Elizabeth Vale graduates with distinction and Grace Richardson combines a degree with admission to St. Anne's College at Oxford. Myra Riddell becomes our first Bachelor of Education. Dorothy McIntosh has graduated in Arts from Dalhousie University, Anne Pitcher in Science from Sir George Williams College. Hilary Thomas, Anna Guthrie and Gail Gnaedinger last year carried scholarships at McGill University: we offer belated congratulations.

Anne Pitcher, Mary McEachran and Sally Bradeen are planning summer weddings.

Karlyn Kruger Dodds is now living in Vancouver and taking courses at the University of British Columbia.

Martha Richardson is studying music in London.

Mary Van Alstyne is treasurer of her class at Wellesley College.

Judy Lennon is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Pat Southam is studying in Toronto.

Angela Cassils, Judy Ogilvie and Chella Cleveland are working at the Montreal General Hospital.

Faith Heward is engaged to William Berghuis and is planning to live in Japan.

Ann Gibbon was married at Easter to William Alexander Hough. Judith McGreevy is studying at the Chelsea School of Art in London and is planning to spend the summer in Portugal.

Eleanor Sweezey is supervisor of medical illustration at Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital and advisor to the Department of Veteran's Affairs on medical illustration in their nine hospitals from coast to coast. Her work includes sketching operations and writing the scripts of medical films, for which she may even dub in the sound tracks. She has also illustrated books for Dr. Wilder Penfield.

Mrs. Dawes (Osla Cains) will be the first old girl to have a grand-daughter in The Study when Mrs. Yuile (Elizabeth Dawes) brings Anne Yuile to the Junior School in September.

Anne Barnett, Judy Darling, Gail McEachern, Joan McKnight, Margaret Robertson and Deirdre Smart are also at McGill. Sylvia Randall has returned to Montreal after spending a year in London and is now taking a few courses at McGill and studying at the Mother House. Susan Starkey is working for the Red Cross in London. Gail Palmer has been successful with her secretarial work and is employed with Chevrolet Motors, while Diana Hamilton is continuing her fashion interests as fashion co-ordinator for Jas. A. Ogilvy's. Connie l'Anglais has completed her secretarial course at Miss Brown's and will soon be working under Doreen Day in the fashion department at Eatons. Finally Elizabeth Hague is taking a nursing course at the Montreal General Hospital.

Janet Savage is the sole representative of last year's Sixth Form at McGill this year. Dalhousie University, however, seems to have been fortunate in gaining more—Heather McIntosh, Phoebe Redpath and Sandy Smith.

The popularity of secretarial courses is evident by the number of girls occupied with such work. Electa McMaster and Sybil Safdie are attending Miss Brown's, Sandra Wallis is at the Mother House, and Judy Northey, having completed the course at Miss Brown's, is now working at the McGill Graduates' Society.

Hana Schneider is enjoying her nursing career at the Montreal General Hospital, while Daphne Wright, also at the General, is working in Haemotology. Lyn Geddes is learning the arts of cooking and dressmaking.



Connie L'Anglais



Diona Hamilton



Gail McEachern



B. Norsworthy & Daughter Gail



Patricia Platt and Penny Smith



Gail Murphy and Jeffrey Packard

TURNABOUT SHOP INC.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President: Mrs. John Stairs
Vice-President: Mrs. Peter Kerrigan
Secretary: Mrs. William Stewart
Treasurer: Mrs. Desmond Smith

Mrs. Murray Cassils: Chairman of Pricing.
Mrs. J. C. Cushing: Hospitality & Special Events Chairman.
Mrs. C. F. Furse: Chairman Nominating Committee.
Mrs. Joanna Farrell: Publicity Chairman.
Miss Barbara Heward: Display Chairman.
Mrs. Victor Hugman: Chairman of Buying & Maintenance.
Mrs. John Jenkins: Chairman of Fashion Shows.
Miss Kathryn Mason: Assist. Publicity.
Mrs. Ross Newman: Chairman of Volunteers.
Mrs. A. M. B. Wright: Assistant Treasurer.

After a ten weeks' summer break, Turnabout Shop Inc. opened its doors to public on September 4th. The Shop has had a busy year; the personnel having worked diligently through Anniversary Sales and Inventory Taking, Fashion Shows and Pay-Offs.

The Directors feel they were most fortunate in finding Mrs. Charles L. Palmer to act as Shop Manager. She has undertaken a far from simple job with enthusiasm and conscientiousness. With our volume of business expanding, an assistant to the Manager was found to be required, and in November Miss C. Bell joined the Shop Staff.

As a stimulus to sales in the slack months after Christmas, the Shop offered to present fashion shows for interested women's associations. A Young Mothers Group, meeting at the Y.W.C.A., and the Ladies' Guild of St. Philip's Church, Montreal West, both took up our offer with alacrity. Mrs. John Jenkins, who produced last June's smash hit show, again showed her flair for staging this type of entertainment. Barbara Whitley's clever commentary added zest to both these highly successful shows, and many a new customer was gained through this pleasant form of advertising. Turnabout would like to thank all those who helped to make the shows run smoothly and professionally: especially the four people who, though not previously connected with the School, gave of their time and talents most generously: Judy Logan, pianist, and Mesdames Barber, Hart and Gadbois, models. Mrs. Gadbois was escorted by her young son, Jacko, who showed what the young man around Kindergarten is wearing—from Turnabout, of course.

Turnabout very regrettably saw Mrs. John Fairlie, our very able Recording Secretary, off to Winnipeg; we then discovered that our Treasurer, Mrs. John F. Amsden, felt she must also resign, (Audrey now has a second daughter.) The Shop misses them both very much. We were most fortunate to have Mrs. Desmond Smith take over the Treasurer's job in November.

Our grateful thanks go to the people without whom the Shop could not possibly show a profit—the following steady volunteers: Mrs. J. M. Evans, Mrs. A. W. Bruce, Mrs. G. A. Gaherty, Mrs. J. S. Stephens, Mrs. J. V. Henderson, Mrs. G. Southam, Mrs. F. W. Fairman, Mrs. G. L. White, Mrs. C. R. Corneil, Mrs. W. M. Bone, Mrs. L. H. Walls, Mrs. R. W. Rankin, Mrs. A. G. Thom, Mrs. A. T. Thom and Mrs. R. Schwab. Whether pricing or selling, or, in quiet spells, sorting the racks and rearranging the shelves, they are an integral part of the Shop.

While we are on this subject, Turnabout needs more workers—many more, and additional volunteers will be welcomed with open arms. There are other ways, too, in which Old Girls and mothers of girls now in the School can contribute to the Shop's

success. May we make a suggestion? Freshly cleaned garments with that magical, joyful word "Donation" printed clearly on them are always definitely acceptable. The Shop has turned over the sum of one thousand dollars to the pension fund this year. Help us make next year the best year yet.

SHIRLEY STAIRS.

Turnabout would like to thank the following Old Girls & Mothers who have given the project a helping hand:

Mrs. T. Arnold	Audrey McDermot
Sally Bradeen	Mary McEachran
Joan Bell	Mrs. D. Murphy and Gail
Mrs. Hayden Bryant	Gail McEachran
Mrs. L. Brunton	Mrs. B. McGreevy
Mrs. Wm. Budden	Judith McGreevy
Mrs. E. E. Christmas	Mrs. J. S. Martin
Mrs. S. Cobbett	Electa McMaster
Diana Gaherty	Patricia Platt
Mrs. Ian Hyde	Mrs. L. H. Packard and Jeffrey
Diana Hamilton	Mrs. G. S. Peniston
Mrs. J. Hale	Camilla Porteous
Mrs. A. S. Keator	Mrs. Larratt Smith
Mrs. Henri Lafleur	Mrs. Howard Smith and Penny
Mrs. C. L'Anglais	Mrs. H. Starkey
Connie L'Anglais	Stephne Stern
Mrs. T. R. A. Malcolm	Mrs. Suche
Mrs. A. Marcuse	Daphne Wright
Mrs. R. L. Munro	

STOP PRESS - NEWS FLASH

Turnabout Shop has moved to Westmount's most popular shopping district. Our new premises, on Victoria, just south of Sherbrooke, are modern, bright and streamlined. Our two large display windows should entice the public, and we anticipate a greatly increased volume of business.

Come and see for yourselves! Come and see our modern decor! Come and bring your donations! Come to help a volunteer! Come to

Turnabout Shop Inc.

386 Victoria Ave.

HU. 8-8262

